THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE YANKEE AND THE GRAPE-VINES.

It seems as if there was no end to the ingenuity of those varlets, yclept Yankee pedlars. Notwithstanding their deceptions of wooden nutmegs and wooden clocks, horn flints and oak-leaf segars, have all been exposed, and the public cautioned and re-cautioned against trading with the venders of these and such like articles, still we hear of numerous instances, in which, under a new face, the real Simon Pure is playing off his old tricks and gulling the honest farmers and farmers' wives, wherever he comes. The following account, coming to us from unquestionable authority, may be fully relied upon—we are the more particular in stating this, that our readers in the country may be put upon their guard against the imposition which has been, as we shall relate, but too successfully practised.

A few weeks since one of those itinerant merchants that swarm the land from the great eastern hive in Connecticut, made his appearance in a village in the northern part of Pennsylvania, with a sleigh load of grape-vines, which were carefully packed up in bundles of a dozen slips each. These bundles were warranted to contain each six different kinds of the richest and rarest foreign grapes—the Isabelle, the Muscatelle and other approved varieties. The price was two dollars the bundle—the terms one half cash and one half at the expiration of two years, when if the vines did not produce grapes such as were represented, the purchase was to be void and the money refunded.

Our Yankee vine-dealer had no sooner proclaimed his wares and the conditions of sale, than the villagers began to flock in with the eager expectation of securing a bargain. The virtues of the grape were loudly extolled by the pedlar; "the cultivation of it," he said, "was rapidly extending over the land, and the days were fast arriving when every man would literally sit under his own vine and eat of his own fig-tree. As for the fig-tree, gentlemen," he continued, "I care not a fig for that—we can import figs, better and cheaper than we can raise them. But as for the grape-vines," he exclaimed, raising aloft one of the bundles, "they are a staple article—none of your fancy wares—they are the parents of the sweet, luscious grape, and the generous, noble-hearted wine. By purchasing a few paltry slips like these, fellow-countrymen, your cellars will in a few years be flowing, aye, and over-flowing, with the pure juice of the grape—the real unadulterated A. T. Burgundy—an article now so scarce in this country that a philanthropic citizen of New-York has expended oceans of money to procure a few bottles of it."

The words of the pedlar operated like wine itself in unlocking the hearts and pockets of his audience, and he had little difficulty in disposing of the whole lot of vines on the terms proposed. Having pocketed the proceeds of half the purchase money—amounting in the whole to a considerable sum—and assuring his customers that he should return at the end of the two years for the balance, he drove out of the village, leaving the inhabitants in the highest good humor with their bargains.

At the next village where our pedlar arrived, he had replenished his stock of grape-vines and offered them for sale on the same terms and with equal success as before. By this time, however, suspicion began to be excited whether the vines were actually of the description represented. It was asserted by one who had been at the first sale, that the whole stock was there exhausted—another openly declared that the vines were all of the same quality, and that the warranty of there being six different kinds in each bundle, was totally false. A few expressed some doubts as to the genuineness of the vines, and wished that they had their money back, but the majority of the purchasers, unwilling to believe or confess they had been imposed upon, defended the character of both the pedlar and his vines. In this dilemma, a green gawky fellow, who passed in the village for a simpleton, pushed through the crowd and said that they were as good vines as ever grew, and that he could prove it.

"How! how!" exclaimed the company, one and all—all eager to be assured that they had not been duped.

"I told you so, neighbor!" ejaculated one of the bystanders with a bundle of the vines under his arm to one who had none, at the same time giving him a violent nudge under the ribs.

"Aye, aye!" quoth the other, "we shall see how that cat jumps—confound your elbows though!"

"How is it, friend, thee knows that our vines are true?" said a Quaker, manifesting some impatience to be relieved from his anxiety.

"Gentlemen," said the first speaker, taking off his hat and scratching his head, "you see I was coming home from down country when I met this fellow in the red wagon, but he wa'nt in his waggon then—"

"Well, where was he, and what was he doing?" interrupted a dozen voices.

"Why, that is what I'm going to tell you, gentlemen. He was in the woods cutting grape-vines!"

"Grape-vines! what grape-vines?" again interrupted the by-standers.

"Why fox grape-vines, to be sure, what other grape-vines grow in these parts, hey? You have all got a sample under your arms—I should think you would know them."

"Dunder and blixen!" roared one of the party—a Dutchman—"dey pe nothing put de fox grape!"

"I told you so, neighbor!" retorted the man with with no bundle to the one who had before made the same exclamation to himself.

"Plague take the fox-grapes!" said another speaker, casting his bundle to the ground.

"Fox grapes or no fox," responded another, "they are sour grapes to us!"

"Aye!" quoth another, "but they are not sour grapes to the pedlar—though he is the fox in this case."

In this way they continued to vent their rage and disappointment upon the author of the deception by which they had been fleeced. Various were the means suggested of bringing him to punishment, and of thus, in some measure, taking satisfaction for their grievances. One was for posting off the constable with the posse to take him in custody of the law—another proposed advertising him in the newspapers for an impostor, as the surest way of stopping his further designs—while a third insisted upon the whole company starting off immediately after the culprit, and that each with his bundle of grape-vine rods should inflict summary chastisement upon him. At length an elderly man, more wise than the rest, advised that they should keep cool, assuring them that the man who had wit enough to devise such a scheme, would at least have the wit also to escape detection in the event of a pursuit, and that the best way was for each to retire to his own home and be cautious in future how he traded with a Yankee pedlar. D.

A MERCANTILE PAUSE. "Has your master failed?" inquired one Pearl-street clerk of another, a few nights since, on their meeting in a large party.

"Why no, not exactly," responded the other, who was something of an exquisite, "he has only met with a mercantile pause." D.

OUR STREETS. By recent accounts, we learn that the cholera has made its appearance with unusual virulence in Gateshead, England where there are some streets excessively filthy. If—and the papers would certainly lead us to suppose so—the cholera spreads widest and most destructive in places of the greatest filthiness, does it not become our city authorities to look to their ways, and, if need be, to purge them of all nuisances? An ounce of prevention, saith the old proverb, is worth a pound of cure, and even if there be no danger of the European plague sweeping across the Atlantic, our city would suffer no detriment by undergoing an Augean cleansing—certainly a monument as tall as the highest steeple in this city might be raised of the mud collected by the labors of him who should complete this Herculean task. D.

BURKING. This word seems likely to become incorporated with the English tongue, as a name for that horrid species of murder, of which the infamous Burke, of Edinburgh, was the author. The high price paid by anatomists for human bodies for purposes of dissection, has, beyond all question, led to numerous murders in England. Our feelings revolt at the thought of such instances of depravity—we shudder to think that man can thus deprive his fellow of life for the purpose of selling his body to the highest bidder. Surely if such be the consequences of our medical colleges and anatomical rooms, it were better, far better that they were all closed up, and the deceased and the infirm left to the unassisted care of nature, rather than to call in the aid of science, who has perfected herself in such a school. D.

BACHELORS' BALL.—The bachelors of this city—that forlorn hope of single blessedness—are to give a ball on St. Valentine's eve, in honor of the occasion. A company of single ladies—not old maids however—we presume will be invited, large enough at least, for these gentlemen to make choice from for partners for life. If such be the design of the Bachelors' Ball, we trust it will be well attended—they are an obdurate set of fellows, and want humoring in their whims—but attempt to drive them into wedlock, and like a certain other wilful animal, they are sure to go the contrary way. D.

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

A morning paper of yesterday gives the following curious narrative, which it says has been fully authenticated from a quarter of the highest respectability.

"From the facts we are about to detail we are afraid the *system* of seizing upon 'the friendless and the stranger' has not been the only one followed by the *Burkers* of the day in providing subjects for the dissecting knife. We would particularly call the attention of the Magistrates to the circumstances; and we trust the police officers who were called upon to act will satisfy the public with regard to the situation of the house in question, and other particulars, which, after such a scene, the public have a right to know.

"A young gentleman of family went to the theatre on Friday night last, and when the play was over stopped at some oyster house for an hour, until the approach of morning. He then left to proceed to his hotel in Piccadilly; but on his way was addressed by a female, handsomely and elegantly dressed. She prevailed upon him to accompany her to her lodgings, which she said were at a little distance. Consequently he called a coach (he thinks at the bottom of the Haymarket) and she gave the coachman directions, which he either did not hear, or did not attend to. After a time, however, she stopped the coach, and said, as they had now only a step to go, it would be better to walk than take the coach to the house, and which they accordingly did. On arriving at the door of a respectable looking house, the lady gave a *peculiar tap*, and it was opened by an old woman, who showed them into a room very well furnished, with a good fire, and every comfort; and as it was late, or rather early, the gentleman was prevailed upon to remain all night, rather than walk through the cold to Piccadilly. He accordingly retired to rest. Whether the refreshment he had taken at the house had been drugged, or natural fatigue induced drowsiness, he soon found himself in a stupor, which did not deprive him of consciousness. After continuing for some time in this state, he observed the lady touch something in the wall, upon which a pannel flew back, and left an opening into another room.—Presently he heard some person moving under the bed, and saw a man emerge at the foot, and proceed to the corner of the room where he had left his clothes upon a chair. The remains of the fire in the grate admitted of his seeing with sufficient clearness that he deliberately tied them up in a bundle, and, drawing towards the foot of the bed, touched some part of the floor, and then tossed them down through a trap door which had opened. By this time the lady had withdrawn from the room; he remained perfectly still, and feigned sleep as much as he could, but soon felt the man's hand under the bedclothes grasping his foot, upon which, in an agony of horror, fear and desperation, he drew up his limbs, got upon his feet, and made a desperate spring forward. Most fortunately it happened that he sprang against the breast of the ruffian, and knocked him backwards right into the trap door at the foot of the bed. The young gentleman then ran to the street door, which he found open, and shouted for the watch. Luckily, he says, one of the new police was near at hand, and he, having made an alarm, was joined by two or three others. They entered the house and proceeded to the bed-room where they found the trap door of the room still open, which led through another trap door into a deep dark cellar. In this cellar he found part of his clothes, but not a living soul was to be found on the premises, or about them, so that the man that he had knocked down, as well as the lady and old servant he had seen in the house, had all made their escape, but in what manner remains to be discovered; for he slipped away from the police-officers, after giving them a false name, being afraid to have it known that he had been in such an affair. But the matter is too serious to be passed over. The police officers must come forward and declare where the house was, and what discoveries they made. The gentleman cannot recollect the situation, though he thinks he could find it out. He says the police told him they had observed the house was to be let for some time. The trap-door in the floor at the foot of the bed shows the plans of the *Burking* villains, for, had the fellow got a good hold of the young gentleman's feet or legs, he could soon have drawn him down to the foot of the bed, and, when his balance was lost, he would naturally have fallen head foremost down two stories into the cellar, and either broken his neck, or been sufficiently stunned to admit of the remaining part of the *Burking* ceremony being easily finished. Have the abandoned females of the town, then, lent themselves to these horrid butchers of their species? and are they sent out as decoys, not only for the ruin of the morals of the rising generation, but to lead them to the slaughter-houses? It wanted but such a climax to give a last touch to the most inhuman of all practices. We are in possession of the real name and address of the young gentleman, who, if necessary, will come forward to assist in bringing out these crimes."—*London paper.*

Anecdotes of Mr. Girard.—Once on a time, it is said, application was made to him to assist in building a new Methodist church in Philadelphia. "Methodist, what is that? Ah, it must be from *method—methodical*—that is good—I give you $1000." Shortly after the minister of a new Baptist church, Dr. ——, also called, and Mr. G. handed him a check of $500. The Rev. Doctor looked at the check,—then at the donor—and at length ventured to speak of his disappointment, that the sum was but half that given to the Methodist.—"Ah!" said Mr. G. "hand me the check," as if to correct his mistake. The check was given him, when he indignantly tore it up, and sent the clergyman away empty, to reflect upon his presumption—his attempt to dictate in a matter of charity.—*N. H. Sent.*

The writer of this article, when quite a lad, was one morning very early on Clifford's wharf, Philadelphia, where he stopped to observe Mr. Girard marking some brandy pipes. He soon attracted the notice of Mr. G. who said, "little boy, can you do this?" the reply was in the affirmative, and Mr. G. handed him the marking pot and brush, and said, "then do it." He took the pot and brush, and after being employed about an hour and a half, Mr. G. handed him five silver dollars, saying, "take that." He ran home with the money, and thought himself the richest boy in the world; but he had soon to return with his father to Mr. G. to test the truth of his having received honestly so much money. Mr. G. replied, "I gave it to him to encourage *his early rising and industry.*—N. Y. Gazette.

Wonderful Tree.—A most scarce and curious production of the ocean was washed up by the tide above low-water mark, on the sea beach, at Crosbie, near Mr. Towers's, the Waterloo Hotel, on Friday night, November 4. It consists of the trunk of a tree, thirty-nine feet in length, from which are appended millions of a singularly strange shell fish, sufficient to fill the bodies of two or three carts; the upper part sticks with the tenacity of a leech, to the wood, and is a sort of wormy substance, many of them being at least three feet in length, as thick as a thin piece of rope, and terminating with a shell of a half conical form, of a delicate light blueish hue, containing a black fish, having a slit or orifice, edged with a bright yellow colour on the under side, which the animal opens and shuts at pleasure, and by which it obtains its nutriment. They are all distinct in their formation, all alive, and as thick upon the wood as the leaves upon a tree, or clusters of grapes; indeed the point of a pin cannot be inserted between them; and from a small bit cut from the end of the wood, of only half an inch square, there hung no less than thirty, of different lengths. —*English paper.*

An honest Judge.—Sir William Nairne, afterwards Lord Dunsinane, and a Lord of Session, was a man of such scrupulous integrity, that when Sheriff-Depute of Perthshire, finding upon reflection that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously, as the only remedy supplied the litigant privately with money from his own purse, to enable him to carry an appeal to the supreme court, where the judgment was reversed.

A Tough one.—A marriage took place lately in Ireland, between William Huggard, aged 64 years, and Susan Thompson, aged 18. The bridegroom was sergeant-major of the 16th regiment. He was formerly on the West India station, and whilst there, *buried his entire regiment three times*, and acquired the appellation of the "Grave Digger."—*Ib.*

MISCELLANY.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

We have read with satisfaction, the whole of Count Robert of Paris, the latest of Walter Scott's novels, which being published with a tale called "Castle Dangerous," obtains for the three volumes the name of "Tales of my Landlord, last series."

To whatever the author of Waverly writes, there is attached a high interest, independently of the intrinsic excellence of the work, which in the present case is great. The Wizard of the North calls up feelings by the very exhibition of his wand, that no other enchanter can hope to command. But a new feeling is excited when we close "Count Robert of Paris"—it is the latest, it may be the last, production of the author; and those who have derived pleasure and profit from his prolific pen, will read with deep melancholy the notice that the author appends to these volumes. We will copy it for the benefit of those who have not yet had a taste of the work.—*U. S. Gazette.*

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are in all probability, the last tales it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public.

He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by his Royal Master to carry the author of Waverly to climates, in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country.

Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labors it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain that life, advancing to a period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of that part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the author of Waverly has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark that—

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

Abbotsford, September, 1831."

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

When Macedonia's madman wept,
A conquer'd world his own;
When Xerxes mourn'd with prescient eye
His armies overthrown;
I pity not the Grecian's pangs,
The Persian's vain remorse—
For who can sympathise with tears
When selfish is their source?

When royal Edward, kingly boy,
In youthful virtue's bloom,
Shed tears, ere he could sign the scroll
That seal'd a subject's doom;
I well remember, ere the fount
Of tears in me was dry,
How, when I read of *life*, they claimed
My willing sympathy.

But tears there are which seem so bright,
And clouds of care so brief,
That while our sympathy they claim,
They waken not our grief:
Their eloquence surpasses speech,
From nature's fount they flow;
They drop from childhood's guileless eye—
They dwell on childhood's brow.

Such, gentle maiden of the moor,
I fancy thine may be;
And such the pangless sympathy
Thy grief excites in me.
I pity much thy pensive look,
Thy sister's brow of care;
And yet I cannot sorrow long
For such a lovely pair.

For your's are hearts that cannot long
By anguish be depress'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast—
These are your portion, and with these
You cannot long be sad;
Each eye and brow will soon be bright,
Each heart will soon be glad.

Then turn ye from the gushing spring,
And seek your humble cot;
There tell, with childhood's artless truth,
Your pitcher's hapless lot:
No longer stand in doubt and fear,
And say "What shall we do?"
Anger to pity must give place
With innocents like you.

And may no heavier grief befall
Your path in after years,
Than this which fills your little hearts
With brief regrets and fears,
Until that hour when closing life
For emblems shall reveal,
The pitcher broken at the fount—
The cistern's shatter'd wheel." *B. Barton.*

From the Atlas.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

The following, from Hood's last Annual, is presented to the readers of the Atlas, to illustrate a new style of versifying. It is a curiosity; of its merits otherwise, it is superfluous to speak!

"Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the clamc, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or, in the small Olympic pit, sit, split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And peripatetic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charleys in a deep sleep, creep;
But frighten'd by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'No go!'
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—'drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
George, or Charley, or Billy, willy nilly;—
But nurs'maid in a nightmare rest, chest press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she cures—what faith is man's!—Ann's bunn:
And his, the reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:
While rivals flourish, and a stout shout out,
That regards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!"

JOSEPHINE.

From the memoirs of the former Empress of France, published in Constable's Miscellany, we derive the interesting notices which are subjoined.

HER BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

The name of this celebrated lady has been variously given; the only decisive authority—her own signature to a public document—is *M. J. R. Tascher*, or Marie-Joseph-Rose-Tascher. There are jointly the baptismal appellations of both parents. Her father was *Joseph-Gaspard-Tascher*, frequently, but improperly written *Detascher*, and her mother, *Rose-Claire-Desvergers de Sanois*, both natives of France, though married in St. Domingo about 1771. Of these individuals, now become historical personages, little interesting information has been preserved. Occurrences in private life are seldom retained, and can rarely be recovered, when they derive their sole importance from unexpected and long subsequent events. M. Tascher had early embraced a military career, and attained the rank of captain in a regiment of horse. This station necessarily implies honorable descent, even were there not other means of ascertaining the condition of his family; for certain quarterings of nobility, as the term goes on the continent, constituted a qualification indispensably necessary to an officer, especially of cavalry in the armies of old France. He appears to have proceeded to the West Indies on professional duty some time in 1758, but at the period of his daughter's birth, had retired from the service, and then resided upon an estate in St. Domingo, called *La Fegerie*. Of his wife Mademoiselle de Sanois, almost no particular is recorded beyond the fact of her having been the daughter of an ancient and respectable family in one of the southern provinces, which some years prior to her union with Captain Tascher, falling into straitened, or, at least, less opulent circumstances, from the unsuccessful issue of a lawsuit, had retired to possessions in the new world.

Of this parentage the only child, the subject of these memoirs, was born at St. Pierre, the capital of Martinico, on the 23d June, 1763. By some authorities, and among others, the act of her civil marriage with Bonaparte, still extant on the Revolutionary registers of Paris, Josephine's birth is placed in 1767. The four years, however, thus deducted from her real age must be assigned either to mistake, or not improbably in the instance quoted, to voluntary forgetfulness. It is deserving of notice, also, as something like a mutual abnegation of curious inquiry on this head, that in the same instrument, one year is added to the General's age. The birth of her children of her first marriage are likewise decisive on the point: and, in truth, so little attention has been paid to consistency here, that we have read biographies of Josephine, whose authors with an innocent inadvertence to the fact, make her a mother at the age of little more than ten years.

The infancy and youth of Josephine were passed, not under the paternal roof, but with an aunt. Instead therefore, of returning to St. Domingo with her parents, the infant remained in the island of Martinico. We can discover no cause for this, save a family arrangement in the first instance, and the premature death of her mother. Without being aware of these circumstances, however, and perhaps not recollecting that her father died before she had become known, the reader might deem it remarkable, and even ungrateful, that Josephine so seldom mentioned, and consequently has left such slight and imperfect memorials of her parents. But opportunities will hereafter occur of proving, from her affectionate attention to every surviving member of her father's family, and unshaken friendship for the relatives of her first husband, that her's was a heart incapable alike of ingratitude, as of feeling ashamed of an humble origin. She appears in truth, to have remembered nothing of her mother, and extremely little of her father; for, while writing and speaking in the most endearing terms of her aunt,—"that excellent woman," to use her own expression,—"that tender mother, that perfect being whose virtues you my children, have so often heard me extol,"—she makes no mention, in a letter which there was every reason to suppose would be her last, of either father or mother, even so distantly as to induce the belief that she had ever known them.

HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

"The unhappy Josephine had now been so long exposed to agitating changes, that, though immediately after the divorce, she had improved in personal appearance, her health had become extremely precarious. New anxieties, in addition to the distressing events which had just occurred, began to alarm her. It was now the commencement of May, and the appointments fixed by the Treaty of Fountainbleau had not been paid, the distress occasioned by this very unwarrantable neglect of an obligation which ought to have been especially held sacred by the French government, will be readily conceived by the reader acquainted with Josephine's tastes and benevolent disposition. Sometimes she would allow an expression of censure to escape against Napoleon, but would instantly retract—"No no! he is unhappy—he must be in want himself—I will sell my jewels, and send him money." About the same time she resolved to make her will—a subject on which she had previously wished to consult Napoleon and now the faithful creature sent a draft to Elba,—"Make your remarks, Sire; you cannot doubt they will be held sacred by me, or that I rejoice in this opportunity of shewing my devotion at a time when others fall away from their obedience." This instrument was never completed, which afterwards proved a source of great misfortune to Josephine's most loved retainers, none of whom were rewarded as she intended, or as their fidelity merited.

All these grievances preyed upon Josephine's spirits, but without producing any appearance of disease, till the fourth of May, when she dined at St. Leu, with Hortense, Eugene, and the Emperor of Russia. On returning to Malmaison she felt a general uneasiness, which, however, yielded to some gentle medicine, and the Empress resumed her ordinary occupations, though evidently without the usual enjoyment. Some days after, Lord Beverly, with his two sons, breakfasted at Malmaison, and to this nobleman Josephine expressed herself warmly on the generosity of the English, who at that time, she said, alone spoke of Napoleon in a becoming manner. She complained bitterly of the ingratitude of those who, not satisfied with abandoning his falling fortunes, overwhelmed his memory with calumny. On the 10th, Alexander, with several distinguished foreigners, dined at Malmaison. Josephine, despite a headache and cold shiverings, which she labored to conceal, did the honors of the table, and in the evening attempted even to take part in a game of 'prisoners,' on the beautiful lawn in front of her residence. How many painful associations must have connected themselves with this amusement! Both mind and body unfitted her for such an exercise, and she was constrained to become a spectator, but with such an altered appearance as to excite the alarm of her guests. To their anxious inquiries, however she continued to reply with a faint smile, which belied the assurance, 'that she was only fatigued, and would be well to-morrow.' To-morrow came, but Josephine was evidently worse; and for fourteen days her complaint, without assuming any definite form, or rendering absolute confinement necessary, was frequently attended at night with fainting, and sometimes a wandering of the mind, more from anxiety than delirium. On the 24th, the Empress had a slight attack of sore throat, but otherwise rallied so much as to insist on seeing the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, who were engaged to dine with her on that day. She did accordingly appear but was forced to retire, and Hortense, who never left Malmaison during her mother's illness, took her place at table. Thenceforward the disease assumed a most alarming character of gangrenous quinsy, and its progress became fearfully rapid. On the morning of the 25th, Alexander returned, and, filled with anxiety at the alteration in Josephine's appearance, requested permission to send his own physician. This the Empress declined: but from that day she was attended by her own, and the two physicians attached to the household of her son and daughter. On the night of the 26-27th, a blister was applied between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet; but though these gave some relief from pain, they effected no impression on the disease. Still Josephine, with the same angelic sweetness which had marked her whole life, endeavored by concealing her suffering, to soothe the anxiety of her surrounding friends. From the morning of the 26th, she appears to have been perfectly sensible of her danger; for looking then steadily upon the physician and perceiving his alarm, she silently pressed his hand in token of consciousness and acquiescence. She even took an interest in her former occupations, and on the 27th, when informed that the celebrated flower painter, Redoubte, had come to draw two favorite plants in flower, she sent for him, extended her hand, then pushed him gently away, saying, 'You must not catch my sore throat, for next week,' (this was on Monday) 'I hope to see you advanced with a fresh masterpiece.' The preceding night had passed in a lethargic sleep, and at ten in the morning of the 28th, the physicians after consulting, deemed it proper to prepare Eugene and Hortense for the final change. From those two cherished beings, whom she had loved so truly, Josephine heard a communication which thus lost all its bitterness. With pious resignation, she received the last rites of the Romish faith from the ministration of her grandchildren's preceptor, for the parish clergyman of Ruel happened to be absent. Late on the same day, the Emperor Alexander arrived, and was shewn into the chamber of the sufferer, now evidently approaching the goal of all her sorrows. By the bed of their mother knelt Eugene and Hortense, too deeply moved to address the Emperor; but at sight of a monarch whom she regarded with gratitude, Josephine seemed to acquire renewed strength, made a sign for all to approach, and said—'At least I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow.' These were her last words, for she fell immediately after into a slumber, which continued, interrupted by a scarcely audible sigh, till half past eleven on the morning of the 29th of May, when her gentle spirit calmly passed to a world of love and peace.

At mid-day, on the 2d of June, 1814, the funeral moved forward from Malmaison, and, at five in the evening, the body of the Empress of France was consigned to a humble tomb in the village church of Ruel. To obtain even this privilege of being laid in the interior of the consecrated place, required no small exertion on the part of her son. Those who then rightfully occupied a throne, which she had filled in meekness, and not willingly, ought to have offered no opposition to any respect that could be paid to one whose dying words we have just quoted, whose remains, while they lay in state, were visited by twenty thousand of the people of France, and whose funeral procession was voluntarily closed by a thousand *poor*, who had tasted of her bounty, or cherished her memory. The body had been first embalmed, and finally deposited in a double coffin of lead and sycamore; but a spirit of jealousy or of mean adulation, prevented the engraving of any inscription on the plate of gilt silver, which occupied the centre panel of the latter. The funeral was otherwise conducted with proper magnificence; commissioners from the Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia headed the procession, which was composed of many foreign Princes, marshals, generals, and officers of the French and Allied armies. The military formed in two lines from Malmaison to Ruel, consisted of Russian Hussars, and the National Guards of France. The chief mourners were Prince Eugene, the Grand Duke of Baden, Marquis de Beauharnois, brother in-law, Count de Tascher, nephew, Count de Beauharnois, cousin, and the grandchildren of the deceased Empress. The funeral oration was pronounced by the Archbishop of Tours, while the Bishops of Evreux and Versailles read prayers. Queen Hortense, who had previously been conveyed thither, continued at her devotions in one of the chapels during the whole of the ceremony; but when all but her brother had left the church, they knelt long together beside the grave. The spot is now marked by a monument of white marble, representing the Empress in imperial robes, kneeling, and bears the simple, yet touching inscription,—

'Eugene and Hortense to Josephine.'

With the facts of the volume before the reader, a detailed summary of character would be superfluous. Few women ever passed through such extraordinary changes of fortune, and none have displayed more patient endurance under trials and reverses, or more affecting self distrust and singleness of heart, when surrounded by greatness. To those who, in the preceding pages, have contemplated Josephine in private life, the recollection will often arise of that one being whose mild virtues, and gentle kindness, are the subject of their deepest regret, and sweetest gratitude."

EARL GREY'S VISION!

For some time past there has been a ridiculous rumor current, that Earl Grey was haunted by a spectre, and that his health had materially suffered by the anxiety of mind which it occasioned. We should have treated this rumor with contempt, if it had not got into good circles; but such being the case, we have made inquiry, and the following statement, to which we attach credit, on account of the quarter from which we received it, but the entire authenticity and correctness of which we cannot guarantee, has been handed to us. It is stated to us that, several years ago, when Earl Grey was at his seat in the country, he was, after a hard day's study, suddenly struck, on raising his eyes from his book, with the vision of a head. At first his Lordship conceived that this was the shadow of some bust, and he examined carefully the situation of all the busts in the library, in order to ascertain whether this was the fact. He found, however, that it was a mere illusion, and treated it, as every wise man would do, as a cerebral affection, arising from a disordered state of the stomach, brought on by a too sedentary life.

For some time afterwards, the Noble Earl is said to have been occasionally subject to the same vision; but as his health improved, the illusion went off.

Latterly, however, the cares of office are stated to have deranged his health and to have brought on a frequent recurrence of this cerebral affection, which is only to be regretted as the proof of ill health. The story of Lord Grey's giving way to melancholy about it, is exquisitely absurd, for the complaint is one to which many sedentary men of strong powers of imagination are occasionally subject, although it is rare in this country, compared with Holland, where it is attributable to the lowness of the soil. We have heard that an eminent physician attributed the vision to an optical defect; but it is easily to be accounted for, as the result of indigestion, and depends for removal upon the cure of the complaint. It is a curious fact, that many years ago, Earl Grey was speaking in the House of Lords, when an eminent foreign phrenologist who was present, struck with the formation of his Lordship's head, exclaimed, "That man sees visions!" This gentleman was the friend and disciple of Dr. Gall; and it may be mentioned, that Dr. Gall himself, who was a man of great powers of mind, laboured, for a long period, under a similar cerebral affection to that which is said—with what degree of truth, we repeat, we do not know—to afflict Earl Grey.—*Court Jour.*

CURES FOR THE CHOLERA.

Phlogistic.—Drink lots of brandy,—always take care to have the bottle within reach;—be sure to keep a bottle in constant requisition, boiling hot, ready for an immediate administration of punch; the instant you are attacked take to it,—do not delay a moment. Use the remedy without procrastination,—apply it hot.

Anti Phlogistic.—Use no spirits in any shape—they are mortal poison. Taken plain, immediate poison; taken diluted, slow poison. Drink coffee, and go to bed.

Phlogistic.—Eat a mutton chop or a dozen of them if you can. Get through five meals a day. Be carnivorous in all. Vitual the garrison and defy the foreign invader.

Anti Phlogistic.—Avoid the immediate use of animal food. Eat sparingly and temperately. If you can subsist upon a single meal, do so. Observe, that in all the countries where Cholera has appeared, the Jews have escaped, solely on account of their temperance.

Phlogistic.—You might as well say it was solely because they dealt in old clothes. Look to India, where first died the rice-eating kindred, then the better fed, but not full fed, mussulman; then last of all, the beef-eating generations of Old England.

Anti Phlogistic.—But it was the beef-eating men who carried the disorder into Europe. Be cleanly in your person, in your houses, and in your streets.

Phlogistic.—Be, therefore, very much unlike the Jews, who have, you say, escaped the cholera. I do not prescribe for people who are to be warned against the impropriety of wearing a dirty shirt; and I leave the care of the streets to the scavengers. Use water by all means, externally, as copiously as you like. Beware only of the introduction of that insidious fluid into your stomach.

Anti Phlogistic.—Carefully avoid all places and persons where contagion may be supposed to exist. Keep an anxious watch to guard against the approach of the disease. Remember that prevention is better than remedy.

Phlogistic.—Take no thought about it at all. Set down what you read in the newspapers as three-fourths lies, and one-fourth exaggeration. Go about in all directions with a jolly heart, knowing that cowardice is the ally of all disease, and that courage is its sworn foe.

Anti-Phlogistic.—Immediately send for a doctor, and be careful to follow his remedies.

Phlogistic.—Avoid a doctor as you would avoid the plague itself,—throw his bottles out of the window, and follow them then if you please. Take for granted, that humbug is the basis of medicine, and that its practice consists in throwing substances of which you know little into a body of which you know less. Is it Boerhave, or Celsus, or Hippocrates, who says,

"Punch cures the gout, the *cholic*, and the phthisic?"

Anti Phlogistic.—Whoever says it, ought to be set down as one of the prime poisoners of mankind. I say, be wise in time.

Phlogistic.—I say be merry at all times.

* * * * *

Such is the substance of a conversation which I lately overheard. I had not time to remain any longer; but I believe that the whole matter of controversy now going forward in the medical world, respecting the treatment of cholera, is summed up pretty accurately in the opinions delivered above.—*Court Jour.*

The following are among the latest accounts of the progress of this disease in England:—

At *Sunderland*, from the commencement of the disease on the 26th October, 1831, to December 20th.—Cases, 503; deaths, 177. The last accounts we have are these. "The disease is on the decline at Sunderland, and will probably wholly disappear in a few weeks. From the 21st to the 27th December, the number of new cases was 16; number of deaths in the same period, 6; remained only seven—not a patient in the Hospital at the date of our latest advices.—Total number of deaths from the commencement 196."

At *Newcastle*, the malady wears a more threatening aspect. Total cases from the commencement of the disease on 7th Dec. to 27th do. 246; recovered 101; died, 93.

At *North Shields* and *Tynemouth* up to the 22d, there had been 11 cases; 9 deaths and 1 recovery.

At *Seghill* and the Collieries, up to the 19th, 12 cases, 6 deaths, and 5 recoveries.

At *Seaham*, up to the 21st, 7 cases and 5 deaths.

At *Houghton le Spring*, 19 cases are mentioned, but no complete returns.

Further and more alarming particulars are furnished in the last advices from Newcastle, as follows:

"There appears to have been altogether thirteen cases at North Shields; eleven since the 10th ult. of which nine died, and one recovered. One case, we are informed, has occurred which calls for particular attention, and seems to establish the fact that the disease is communicated by rags, &c. An old man who was in the habit of going about the country with matches to sell, and to collect rags, returned with a bundle of rags from Sunderland. His wife observed a disagreeable smell to arise from them when they were opened out, and was soon after attacked with the Cholera and died; the old man himself caught the complaint but recovered. A woman who was in the habit of nursing sick people, attended the old man in his illness, and observed the offensive smell of the rags. She was so far from being afraid of Cholera that she wished to obtain the situation of nurse at the cholera hospital, yet she became ill of the disease, and is dead.—Clothes, therefore, which have been about the cholera sick should be carefully purified or destroyed.

With regret we state that the Cholera has made its appearance with unusual virulence at *Gateshead*, where there are some disgustingly filthy streets. The following is the first report issued by the Gateshead Board of Health:

Cases of Cholera in Gateshead, from 10 A. M. on the 25th to 10 A. M. on the 27th Dec.

Numb. Attacked.	Recov.	Died.	Remain
39	0	9	30

The most striking peculiarity is, that the disease should at once have reached such an extent. Till Sunday, Dec. 25th, no one heard of its existence in Gateshead: then only four cases were spoken of: yet the first report issued, shows there have been 30 cases and 9 deaths.

Newcastle upon-Tyne, Dec. 27.—The virulence and fury with which the Cholera proceeds at Gateshead render the cases at Newcastle and Sunderland comparatively unimportant. Dr. Gibson says nothing has occurred like it on the continent of Europe. This I hope, is merely the hasty expression, called forth by the unusual severity of the disease in this neighborhood. The following is the official report issued this day:

Daily Report: Cholera at Gateshead, Dec. 27.

Remained at last report	30
New cases	59
Total	89
Recovered	8
Died	32
Remain	49

Attacked since Dec. 29—90. Died 42, Recovered 3.

But, dreadful as this is, two of the surgeons, Mr. Morris and Mr. Stubbs, had not sent in their accounts when the report was made up, and from them it now appears there are in addition to the above, twenty new cases and twelve deaths. I have heard of more cases to-day. Speculation as to the cause of this sudden and destructive visitation appears to be paralysed by the panic it has produced. The majority of the cases are women, and I am informed that a very great proportion, both of the males and females, have been addicted to spirit drinking. Several it must be admitted have been attacked who were not. The disease is in every part of Gateshead. I cannot divest my mind of a belief that the immediate predisposing cause of the attack has been the tippling carried on on Christmas Eve. There are many dirty, filthy streets, and many poor people badly off, to assist or aggravate in extending the disorder when it once obtained a footing. Even in Gateshead Fell, which forms the most airy and healthy part of the parish, three, or four, or five, cases at least. In Gateshead, at first, I am afraid some were lost for want of immediate medical assistance, the cholera having appeared almost like a thunderbolt. This will of course not again occur.

Evening.—The account I have to send you to-day is truly appalling. There have been fifty-nine new cases, and thirty-two more deaths in Gateshead. These numbers are according to the official report made up at ten o'clock this morning: it is known, however, that returns from two of the surgeons had not at that time been received, and these returns are said to contain twenty-four new cases and twelve deaths—making the entire numbers for yesterday eighty-three new cases and forty-four deaths! The disease is found in all parts of the borough, and extending to Gateshead Fell, the highest situation about Newcastle. Persons of all ages have been attacked and carried off by the pestilence. The state of the disease is bad enough in Newcastle, yet, comparatively, we are well off. The report for Newcastle this morning is twenty new cases, nine recoveries, and ten deaths. The malady is now spreading westward, having reached the neighborhood of Ryton, a village about seven miles up the river. It is difficult to assign any probable reason for this sudden and frightful development of the disorder. Gateshead had been clear of it for seventeen or eighteen days longer than Newcastle, during which time the winds generally prevailed from the southward. Saturday the wind shifted to the north—blowing direct from Newcastle to Gateshead; and on Sunday the disease was found raging in every quarter of the town, though attacking scarcely any but the poorer classes of the people. Newcastle and Gateshead are London and Southwark in miniature. London and Newcastle are to the north, and Southwark and Gateshead to the south of the river. A bridge connects Newcastle and Gateshead, which may be about two-thirds the length of London bridge.

Though the disease is clearly epidemical, there can be no doubt whatever of its being also contagious, and a prevailing idea both here and at Sunderland, and I think strongly supported by facts, is, that the danger of infection is infinitely increased by coming within the sphere of the effluvia of the dead.

I cannot conclude without observing, that in Gateshead, particularly, there is nothing like a sufficiency of medical men to attend all the cases of cholera. I am willing to give every credit to the medical practitioners both here and in Gateshead, for their unabating exertions in combating with the disease, but, at the same time, the fact is certain and much to be deplored, that we have not a sufficiency of medical men, be their exertions what they will, to attend to every case of this frightful disorder. It is known that in Gateshead many persons have died without being able to get any medical assistance whatever. There can be no want of Navy and Army Surgeons in London, anxious for employment. Let us hope that a few of them will be immediately sent down to render that assistance to the poor which humanity alone must point out as indispensably requisite."

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

Assault on M. Casimir Perier.—A personal assault was committed upon the French Premier, in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies, on the 20th Dec. by the Count Bouvier Dumolard, Prefect of the Department of the Rhone, and an Extraordinary Councillor of State. M. Dumolard having been summoned to Paris to give an account of the disturbances at Lyons, was in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, during a speech of M. Perier, upon the subject of those disturbances. He took offence, and—"On seeing the Minister descend from the tribune, after asking for a momentary suspension of the sitting, M. Dumolard hastened down into the lobby, and meeting the Minister at the door of the Salle des Conferences, accused him in terms less courtly than energetic of garbling and misquoting the correspondence which had passed on the subject of the late disturbances between the home department and the prefecture of Lyons. They called forth one of those short but emphatic replies which are said to be the forte of the President of the Council; when, just as he was about to elude all farther altercation, by retiring into the hall reserved for the exclusive use of the deputies, into which the Prefect had not then the entree, M. Dumolard seized M. Perier by the collar for the purpose of arresting his progress, and enforcing the charge of wilful misrepresentation which he was thus disposed to bring against the minister. The parties were in this awkward attitude when the attention of the President of the Chamber, M. Girod de l'Ain, having been attracted by the previous high words which were uttered just behind the temporary partition which divides the recess on which the chair is situated from the lobby, he signified his suspicions as to what was passing without, to General Delaborde, the Senior Questeur of the Chamber, who, with two Ushers, was speedily on the spot, and having relieved the Minister from the grasp of the Prefect, thought it better, by leaving the offended and offending Prefect at liberty, to avoid the scandal which would result from taking him into custody."

The Moniteur of the 21st contained an ordinance dismissing the offender from his situation as Councillor. M. Dumolard, however, has taken the field regularly against the Premier, and is defending himself through the columns of the Constitutionel and the Gazette de France.

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.

THE COLOURED POPULATION.—The Debate on Abolition has closed, having occupied exactly one fortnight. During this time it has interested and absorbed the attention of this community beyond all precedent; and has been conducted with an ability, zeal, and eloquence, beyond any thing the Capitol of Virginia has witnessed since its foundation. Freedom of discussion has been pushed to great length; but not to a length as we believe, endangering the tranquility of the country; for we hold it to be self evident, that when the public vigilance is on the alert, danger from *that* source, is, of all improbable things, the most improbable. Nor are we of the number who imagine that this discussion, or one conducted in the Public Prints, will impart to the slaves any ideas not now entertained, or any aspirations not now indulged. The truth is, that the intelligence of the slaves has long ago reached the point to which the fears of some imagined this discussion would conduct it. They have not now to learn those abstract theories which teach the universal equality of man and his rights; but the same extent of intelligence informs them of the impossible, the worse than hopeless expectation, of engaging in a successful struggle for their maintenance.

A few words as to the meaning of the several votes yesterday.

The report of the Select Committee, adverse to legislation on the subject of Abolition, was in these words: *Resolved*, as the opinion of this committee, that it is inexpedient for the present, to make any legislative enactments for the abolition of Slavery." This Report Mr. Preston moved to reverse, and thus to declare that it *was* expedient *now* to make Legislative enactments for the abolition of slavery. This was meeting the question in its strongest form. It demanded action, and immediate action. On this proposition the vote was 58 to 73. Many of the most decided friends of abolition voted against the amendment; because they thought public opinion not sufficiently prepared for it, and that it might prejudice the cause to move too rapidly. The vote on Mr. Witcher's motion to postpone the whole subject indefinitely, indicates the true state of opinion in the House. That was the test question, and was so intended and proclaimed by its mover. That motion was *negatived*, 71 to 60: showing a majority of 11 who, by that vote, declared their belief that at the proper time and in the proper mode, Virginia ought to commence a system of gradual abolition. This is more specifically declared in Mr Bryce's preamble in the following words which was adopted by a vote of 67 to 60. "Profoundly sensible of the great evils arising from the condition of the colored population of this Commonwealth; induced by humanity as well as policy, to an immediate effort for the removal in the first place, as well of those who are now free, as of such as may hereafter become free: believing that this effort while it is in just accordance with the sentiments of the community on the subject, will absorb all our present means; and that a further action for the removal of the slaves should await a more definite developement of public opinion." This preamble being first adopted, the resolution of the Select Committee, was also adopted as a corollary thereto, and the *two* as a whole, adopted by a vote of 64 to 59.

The inquiry and discussion then, have terminated in the following specific and implied declarations on the part of the House of Delegates: 1. That it is not expedient at this session, to legislate on abolition. 2. That the colored population of Virginia is a great evil. 3. That humanity and policy in the *first place*, demand the removal of the free and those who will become free, (looking to an extensive voluntary manumission.) 4. That this will absorb our present means. 5. (Undeniable implication.) That when public opinion is more developed; when the people have spoken more explicitly, and the *means* are better devised, that it is expedient to commence a system of abolition. The House of Delegates have gone thus far and in our opinion, it had no right to go farther at this time. There are astonishing and animating results. They who will look back to the state of opinion five months ago, may well consider them almost miraculous. We do not imagine that the discussions have by any means terminated. Mr. Moore, a few days ago, read a resolution which he had prepared, and determined to offer, calling upon the Federal Government for aid in abolishing slavery and deporting the slaves. Mr. Brodnax yesterday, ridiculing in just terms the idea that it was unconstitutional in Congress thus to appropriate the proceeds of the Public Lands, (the National Debt paid,) or that it was dishonorable in Virginia to ask of the General Government what was her right, made known his intention of introducing a proposition applying to that Government for a just share of the proceeds of the Public Lands, to aid in the deportation of the free negroes. We hear, also, of other resolutions connected with the whole subject of the colored population, which will probably be introduced.—*Richmond Whig, Jan. 26.*

Importance of Nothing.—Nothing is more important than to understand the subject about which you propose to instruct others.

Nothing is more acceptable to a hungry man than bread and meat.

Nothing promotes happiness more than even temper.

Nothing is more likely to produce wealth than industry.

Nothing will preserve wealth, when acquired better than economy.

Nothing better promotes health than temperance and exercise.

Nothing adds more to the respectability of a man than a character for probity in all his actions.

Nothing adds greater charms to beauty than modesty and affability.

Nothing is more becoming in youth than respect to their elders.

Nothing endears a servant more to his employer than never to abuse his confidence.

Nothing is, therefore, more valuable than *most things*. For he who possesses nothing which renders him disagreeable to his fellow men, or in any wise dissatisfied with himself, must be the happiest man on earth; and since the Philosopher's stone has always been looked up to as the medium thro' which this happiness was to be obtained, it follows we think, logically, that the Philosopher's stone is nothing.

EPITAPH ON SIR C—— W——.

Hic jacet W——, once a rabid Tory,
Of rotten burghs the advocate and glory:
Silent at last that tongue which knew no resting,
From quivering, sputtering, fuming, jeering, jesting;
Fierce in his fun, good humour'd in his hate,—
Strange in his logic, stranger in his gait:
He sicken'd of *reform*, which he'd defied,
Refused the medicine—"Russell's Purge"—and died.
Metropol. Mag.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1832.

FLOGGING A VETERAN.

In Massachusetts, during the last war, lived a veteran, whom we shall here call by the name of Captain Blunt. He was, with most of the people of New England, opposed to that war, while it so happened that a majority of his townsmen were in its favor. Politics ran high. The Captain was a warm partisan, and often came into collision with his opponents. But though he was opposed to the war, he was not afraid of the devil and all his imps.

He had a sarcastic turn which was exceedingly provoking to his opponents, whom he charged with being bar-room and grog-shop warriors, and fighting all their battles in the chimney corner. Dispute after dispute arose; the Captain dealt out his sarcasms, and the war-men blustered in return.

"If you was a younger man," said Peter Gust, "I'd give you an all-fired lickin."

"Never mind my age," returned the Captain, "if that's all you're afraid of."

"It wouldn't be no credit to lick a man old enough to be my grandfather," said the windy blusterer.

"No, nor to get beat, if you should undertake it," replied the sturdy veteran. "*You* talk about fighting! Why all your valor lies in your tongue."

These disputes occurred so often, and so provokingly, that Peter Gust and his valorous compeers at last determined that the Captain, old as he was, should have a flogging. But instead of undertaking it themselves, they hired a stout he-nigger, as they called him, to do it for them.

This sable mercenary came to the Captain's house, prepared to execute his commission. He had as much courage as his employers, and considerably more of good manners. Not deeming it other honorable or polite to attack the veteran, without first naming his object, he began—

"Massa Cap'em Blump, I come to gib you one all-so-fire lickin."

"You have, ha!" said the Captain, seizing a hoop-pole which lay near him.

"Yes, massa. But I no do it on my own 'casion. Misser Peter Guss, he and two tree odders, dey hire me."

"Well, you go home and tell Mister Peter Gust, and two or three others, if they have any business with me, to come themselves."

"No, massa, I musn't do dat. I promise on my saker honor, for two quart o' rum, dat I gib you de mose infarnal lickin you ever had in you life. Now, Massa Blump, you put down dat hoop-pole, and I do it dreckly." Thus saying, Cato put himself in an attitude of attack.

"Get out of the way, you black rascal," said the Captain, "before I knock you down."

"I gwine lick you, massa," said the persevering negro, still making demonstrations of attack; "'cause you see I 'gage to do it, and my honor be on a stake. I beg you pardon, mose uncerdy. You neber injure me. But wat I 'gage to do, I boun' to do. Dat is de honable ting, Massa Blump."

"Get out of the way," said the Captain again, "don't trouble me with your jaw."

"Not wid my jaw, massa—I no bite—I take my fist." Then doubling up his huge black paw, he made a pass at the Captain. But the veteran, who knew how to adapt his warfare to the nature of the enemy, stepped aside, very dexterously for an old man; and fetching the hoop-pole a sweep, took Cato full upon the shins. One blow was sufficient. Down dropped the mercenary, and kicked, and hopped, and rolled over, and rubbed his shins, and bawled with all his might—

"Oh! massa! massa! you kill me dead! you break my shin. Oh! don't tush me 'gin, I beg on you, massa Blump. My brain all smash out now!"

"Your brains! where the devil do you keep your brains? I havn't touched your head."

"Dat wat make me feel so, massa. You trike my head, I no mind it. But, Oh, gosh-a-mighty! trike a poor black fellow on de shin! dat beat me all to nossin—I no tan dat."

"Pick up your black carcase now," said the Captain, "and clear out. And hark here—do you tell those cowardly white niggers that sent you here to be flogged, that if they will come themselves, I am ready to treat with them upon the same terms."

"But, massa, I can't pick up myself—I can't tan," said the black, making a feint to rise.

"Can't tan! Well I'll tan your hide for you." With that, he drew his hoop-pole, and was about laying on again, when Cato's legs recruited wonderfully; and springing up, he limped home as well as his battered shins would permit.

When he told his story to Peter Gust and his companions, they stormed, swore like troopers, and declared that the old Captain must be flogged if they had to do it with their own hands.

"Bery wal," said Cato—who had taken a gill of rum, and was shaking it down into his shins—"Misser Cap'em Blump, he ready for you—he got a hoop-pole all cut and dry—he flog ebery dibble on you, all in a heap. He terrible ole man—dat Cap'em Blump!"

"He must be flogged," said Peter Gust, endeavoring to raise his own courage by blustering.

"It take a man to do dat, massa Guss," said Cato, who sat groaning over his wounded shins—"an if you take a nigger device, you no tush him—you let misser Blump 'lone, he reafter, foreber an a day."

Peter Gust and his compeers blustered about, swore, drank rum, and finally set out to put their threats in execution against the sturdy old Captain. But their courage, like that of Bob Acres, oozed out by the way; the advice of Cato was adopted; and thus ended the attempt at FLOGGING THE VETERAN.

MORE LIGHT.

It is generally the disposition of mankind, that when they get a little of a good thing, they are not content till they get more. Thus it was with Polyphemus; when he had once got a taste of Ulysses's wine, he called for more, till he became as drunk as a fiddler, and had his one eye put out.

But there is no danger that those who walk the streets of this immortal city, after sundown, will have their eyes put out by too much light. Even our worthy Governor must have had an eye to this, when, in his proclamation for Fast, he took occasion to mention the *small light* about our feet. He had probably been walking here of an evening just before; and hit his toe against a curb-stone, or stumbled over some small man, whom the small light would not enable him to discern.

The public are much obliged to the retail shops in Broadway, Maiden Lane, Chatham, the Bowery, &c. for making a portion of those streets passable, by means of the gas-lights in their windows. For the streets generally, however, there is no redeeming light. Private munificence cannot afford it; public economy will not. Night reigns triumphant. The small lights are too few and too faint to resist; all they can do is to look on, twinkle, and submit quietly to the powers of darkness.

In this state of things, a man must stay at home, carry a lantern, or run the chance of breaking his head, or neck. Smoking a cigar gives but a small light; and carrying a red nose is too expensive. Besides, when a man's proboscis is in the best condition to light him on his way, his legs are oftentimes the least able to sustain him.

Among other obstacles whereon a man may run, the lamp-posts are neither last nor least. They are a prodigious nuisance, as far as they go. Many a man, not above two sheets in the wind, has made shipwreck upon a lamp-post.

As we were coming down Nassau-street with a friend the other evening, we heard a great noise, as if from some man in distress. "Hullo-o-o!" said he—"hullo-o-o-o! there; can any person hereabouts tell me whereabouts I am?"

"You're in the city of New York," said our companion, as, looking round, we could faintly discern a figure that seemed to resemble a man, clinging to a lamp-post.

"I could have sworn to that," said the figure, "for I've been in the city of New York any time these twenty years. But what street am I in?"

"Nassau-street."

"And what's this that I've got hold of?"

"Most probably a lamp-post."

"What the devil does a lamp-post do here?" said he, looking up to see if there was any light.

"I don't know, indeed," replied our friend, "but I understand it was placed there by the corporation."

"The corporation be hanged! this is the third lamp-post I've run against to-night, and I'm not drunk neither." His last assertion was evidently correct; he was more bewildered than drunk.

"I wish you'd hold up your lantern," said he, "so that I can see if the lamp burns."

"Certainly. There! do you see it burn?"

"No, I thank you, I must wait for the daylight."

"But you do not mean to stay here till morning, merely to get light upon that subject?"

"No, truly; that's of little consequence. But how am I to find my way without light? If I hold on to this lamp-post, I'm pretty sure of not running foul of another. They're the greatest nuisances in the city. Heaps of brick, bales, boxes, and the like, are necessary in the way of building and of trade. But there is no excuse for a lamp-post."

"Where do you reside?"

"In Cedar-street, at No. —."

Just at this moment, hearing the sound of a watchman's club on a neighboring curb-stone, our shipwrecked citizen bawled out—"Watch! watch!"

In an instant half a dozen broad leather caps hove in sight, and demanded what was to pay.

"I'll pay any man well for his trouble," returned the bewildered citizen, "that will show me the way home. You watchmen have eyes like owls that can see in the dark. I've lived twenty years in Cedar-street; but, confound me if I can find the way there to-night, though I'm as sober as a Judge."

One of the watchmen kindly offered to see him home without remuneration; and the last glimpse we had of him, he was quitting the lamp-post, where he had tried in vain to descry a light.

A FAILURE IN POLITICS.

We have already mentioned that De Vere was incorporated by the Harpers in their Library of *Select Novels;* and spoke of it as well deserving the place they have given it. Though historically a fiction, it is full of truth in manners and morals. The story turns upon ambition. The contemptible arts, the dishonest practices, the disgraceful intrigues of aspiring politicians, are well described. The satire is not altogether inapplicable to this country, where the low arts of intrigue have too often succeeded in opposition to talents and integrity.

The following very sufficient reasons for not succeeding in politics, are amusingly given by one of the characters of the story, in a conversation with De Vere. He had been too shockingly honest and independent; and his older and more successful brother had labored in vain to make something out of him. But we will quote the words of our author:

"My brother gave me precepts enough, but I could not follow them; the blunders I made were ridiculous. I never could listen to a long story, even from a patron, if I thought it a dull one. A vile fit of yawning on such an occasion lost me one great man's countenance; the asserting my opinion too powerfully in argument, another's. A third, who wished to publish a pamphlet, asked my free criticism of it, and I made so free a one that I was set down as a blockhead ever afterwards. What is worse, though I had been in the habit of dining with him often, I never thenceforward was invited. I complained to my brother, and he talked to me of Voltaire, who lost the friendship of the King of Prussia because (to use his own expression) he was tired of washing dirty linen; by which he meant, correcting the King's bad poetry. My brother prophesied that I should succeed as ill as Voltaire, and he was right. I might perhaps have got on in diplomacy, but for an unfortunate taste in music and drawing."

"How," cried De Vere, "could such charming faculties interfere with you?"

"I was sent, by my brother's interest, a little secretary to a little German court. One of the Princesses was fond of performing in private concerts, and observing that my ear was very true, insisted upon knowing my opinion of her singing. I told her very plainly the truth. She had science, but no voice, and sang out of tune. She never forgave me; but this did me no harm, till her brother, the reigning Prince, who had a love for building palaces after his own designs, submitted one to me for examination, and I pointed out a gross fault in perspective. The court reception became immediately cold, and soon after I was recalled, I knew not why."

"What said your brother?" asked De Vere.

"He sent me the history of Lewis XIV., with the leaf doubled down where the rise of Mansard is described. The great architect, it seems, often *consulted* the king, and sent him beautiful plans and elevations, which would all have been perfect to the minutest particular, except that there was always some one error left, sufficiently gross for the king to correct, and then it came out with a royal emendation. I was not so wise as Mansard."

EFFECT OF PARTY SPIRIT.—In the whole range of mental poison, (says the author of De Vere) nothing corrodes like party spirit. It seems, by some demoniacal magic, to change our very being; inflames the life-blood itself, and penetrates the wholesome system of the patient, who knows not himself while under its influence.

POISONING CHALLENGE.—M. Chabert (whom most of the editors, by their orthography, persist in making *Shewbare*) has proclaimed, by the pen of the editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, to the citizens of the world, his readiness to eat and drink poison, with any person whatsoever, for a wager of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

"He will go before the faculty of the Pennsylvania Medical College, with any competitor who shall signify his readiness "to be offered," and take, in immediate succession, *one teaspoonful of prussic acid (Schille strength), half an ounce of phosphorus, and half an ounce of pure arsenic.* These are all to be administered by professed chemists, in the presence of watchful spectators, and in the most palpable manner; provided always, that a competitor shall be found, who will be willing simultaneously to go through the same ordeal."

CHOLERA.—The Medical Society of Massachusetts have appointed a committee, consisting of some of the first physicians of the State, to investigate and report on the subject of the Spasmodic Cholera.

PALESTINE, OR THE HOLY LAND. From the earliest period to the present time. By the Rev. Michael Russell, L.L.D. New York: J. & J. Harper.

This work constitutes the 27th number of Harper's Family Library. It is by the author of a "View of Ancient and Modern Egypt," which we have before noticed, as forming a previous number of the same Library. The former works on Palestine have been found to contain little else than a mere abridgment of the annals of the Jewish people, or a topographical delineation of the country, the citizens, and the towns which they inhabited, from the date of the conquest under Joshua, down to the period of their dispersion by Titus and Adrian. In the present work the two plans are united; and the constitution, the antiquities, the religion, the literature, and the statistics of the Hebrews, combined with the narrative of their rise and fall in the Holy Land. Prefixed is a map of the country; and interspersed are nine engravings.

PARK THEATRE.—Mrs. Austin has been re-engaged at the Park, and we understand is to take the place of Mrs. Sharpe in the opera of Masaniello. This is a change with which the public will be much gratified; as the talents of Mrs. Sharpe, however superior in the different walks of the drama, are not calculated for those parts in which Mrs. Austin particularly excels. Mr. Jones is much admired as Massaniello. He sings with great feeling and effect; and his acting, which throughout is very creditable, in the last scene is really admirable.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.—This establishment has been for some time past taking the lead in Tragedy. Besides Mrs. Duff, who has no equal on the American boards, other stars, of no slight magnitude, have been engaged. Among these we would notice Mr. Wilson. We saw him last week in the character of Rolla, when he drew great and deserved applause. In Comedy also, some most brilliant stars have appeared. In fact, whether in tragedy or comedy, Mr. Russell deserves great credit for the unwearied pains he has taken in procuring in succession some of the most distinguished performers the country can afford. He has also been assiduous in offering a great and pleasing variety of entertainments to his audiences. So much pains and expense to please should, and we hope will, be rewarded with the smiles of the public. While the stage affords good acting, the saloons afford good coffee. The theatre is altogether convenient in its arrangements; the doorkeepers are civil and attentive; and the manager and the actors are indefatigable to please.

For the Constellation.

TO ——————

My heart untould'd hath lain through years
A weary weight—a dreary number—
Till now thy heavenly face appears
Like sunshine calling it from slumber
Thy voice is music from the skies,
To melt the hearts of men and win them;
Young Peri, and thy glancing eyes
Have Heaven's own radiant light within them.

Oh! could kind Time once more restore
To me the glow of boyhood's brightness;
And, clambering all life's shadows o'er,
My heart regain its vanish'd lightness:
Oh! could I be as I have been,
My soul would kneel to thee in duty,
And Hope illume life's future scene
With the bright sunbow of thy beauty.

It may not be! too late, too late
For me thy opening beauty shineth;
Pass'd is the morning of my fate,
Down western skies my sun declineth;
And when the twilight hues of time
Around me lower in age's sadness,
Thou, in thy cloudless summer prime,
Shalt tread the sunny earth in gladness.

Most lovely star gem! may no cloud
Of sorrow ever gloom before thee;
And may'st thou walk amid Earth's crowd
With Purity's white mantle o'er thee!
From spot, from blemish, ever free,
May Virtue's guardian arm protect thee;
And Vice itself, admiring thee,
Blush for his frailties and respect thee!

Around thee may her opening flowers
Spring proffer in unbounded measure.

Bright be thy path, may all life's hours
Be charm'd to peace, or wak'd to pleasure.
Late be the day that calls thee hence,
Brilliant thy years as Eastern story,
And may thy pure soul's recompense
Be change of Earth for endless glory!

A SUNDAY MORNING'S MUSINGS IN AUTUMN.

Mournfully the Autumn winds sweep by,
Wailing through leafless trees,
Then murmur away with a dismal sigh,
Unlike the Summer breeze.

Far as the eye can reach o'er hill and vale,
Earth wears a sombre shade;
And Autumn's melancholy tints prevail,
While Summer's glories fade.

The leaf, the plant, the spiry grass and flower,
Now bow their heads, and weep
The desolation of the wind-god's power,
Then close their eyes in sleep—

To rise no more till Spring shall break again
Dark Winter's dreary reign—
Throw off each fetter of his icy chain,
And dance o'er hill and plain.

Still gloomy, cheerless Autumn, I love I prize,
Though desolate thou art,
And on thy forests and and thy gleaming skies
I gaze with joyful heart.

It's the Sabbath morn, and silence reigns,
Deep, holy and profound,—
Save the shrill wind that sweeps along the plains,
There is no other sound,

But hark! the echo of the Sabbath bell
Steals soft upon the ear—
How sweet its deep notes rise and fall and swell;
How musical to hear!

Jehovah's worshippers obey the call,
And to the house of prayer,
Thousands now wend their eager way to fall
Before His altar there.

And from each heart pure orisons ascend
As incense to the skies,
While faith and love and hope together blend,
And songs of praise arise.

Oh! in God's temple who would fail to bow,
And worship and adore;
And on His altar register the vow,
To live an' sin no more. E. R. A.

TAUNTON, January, 1832.

THE LOVER AWAY!

Though parted by valley and sea,
And treading a shore far away,
I am still in my spirit with thee,
From thy bosom I never can stray.

Though winds and waves may arise
To bear me away from thee, love—
Thy form shall lighten my eyes
On the wing of the turtle-dove.

Thou art mine—by the heart's high vow,
Thou art mine—by the bond of the soul;
Thou art mine—and mine only—now,
And mine, as the seasons shall roll.

When hearts are thus moulded in one,
They blend like a prism of light,
Shining soft in their beauty alone,
A rainbow of hope and delight.

New York, Feb. 1832. OSCAR.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NO. IV.

BONAPARTE.—In spite of his numerous occupations he himself revised all his accounts; but he had his own method of doing this, and they were always made out to him in detail. He would cast his eye on the first article, sugar for example, and finding some millions of pounds set down, he would take a pen, and say to the person who drew up his accounts: "How many individuals are there in my household?" Sire, so many, (and it was necessary to give the answer immediately). "And how many pounds of sugar do you suppose they consume per day on an average?" Sire, so many. He immediately made his calculation, and having satisfied himself, he would give back the paper, saying, "Sir, I have doubled your estimate of the daily consumption, and yet you are enormously beyond the mark. Your account is faulty. Make it out again, and let me have greater correctness." This reproof would be sufficient to establish the strictest regularity.—*Las Cases' Jour. &c. St. Helena.*

PETER BURMANN.—It is well known that the Dutch, particularly the Dutch *literati*, are more famed for plain speaking than politeness. A friend told President Bouhier, that he once went with Count Marsigli, an Austrian general famous for his writings, to pay a visit to the celebrated Peter Burmann, professor at Leyden, who was much given to the pleasures of the table, and unhappily arrived at the moment when the professor was at dinner. The Count addressing him, said, "Ego sum comes Marsiglius." (I am Count Marsigli!) to which the philosopher replied—"Et ego sum Petrus Burmannus, qui, cum prandeo, neminem video!" (And I am Peter Burmann, who, when eating his dinner sees nobody!)—*MSS. President Bouhier: Annales Encycloped.*

WARDROBES.—When Dresden was taken in 1757, by the Prussians, the immense wardrobe of Count Bruhl, the Saxon minister, contained amongst other articles, 1200 wigs, 300 pair of boots, and 800 pair of velvet breeches, which the king of Prussia is reported to have ordered to be divided among his guards.—This maniac of extravagance had a different habit, with its appending gold stick, watch and snuff-box, for every day in the month, and, lest he should be so unfortunate as to appear in the costume of the day or week before, a regular register of his wardrobe made its daily appearance at his table, the dresses being painted in miniature in a book. The rooms of his palace were adorned with the most costly clocks, statues, and pictures; and even the locks of the doors were inlaid with gold. Four servants were employed in the charge of his wardrobe, which was shewn to strangers as a curiosity.

The Empress Elizabeth of Russia, whose beauty was equalled by her coquetry, was so fond of dress, that her ministers when they wished to set aside any project submitted to her, needed only to bribe her dress-maker to spoil a new robe. The catalogue of her wardrobe filled a thick quarto volume. Of the then fashionable mantles about 7000 were found in it after her death, according to Borisof, who saw this catalogue.

LORD MACCLESFIELD.—It was an extraordinary event that Lord Macclesfield, one of the great ornaments of the peerage, who had so long presided at the administration of justice, should himself be arraigned as a criminal; be convicted of mal-practices; and sentenced to pay a fine of £30,000, as a punishment for his offence: that a second Lord Chancellor of England should be impeached by the grand inquest of the nation, for corruption in office, and be, like his great predecessor, Lord St. Albans, found guilty of the charge. The whole fine was exacted, and actually paid by his lordship and his son, notwithstanding the favorable disposition that was shown in a certain quarter, to relieve him in part by a considerable donation. Lord Macclesfield was a man of learning and a patron of it. He was also very eminent for his skill in his profession; but rather great than amiable in his general character. He was austere; and not deemed sufficiently polite to the gentlemen of his court, to whom his manners are represented to have been harsh and ungracious; unlike the mild and complacent demeanor of his predecessor, Lord Cowper. His lordship passed the remainder of his life in a learned retirement, much devoted to the duties of religion, of which he had always been a strict and uniform observer.—*Noble's Contin. Granger's Biog. Hist.*

PETER THE GREAT'S COTTAGE AT PETERSBURGH.—The house or rather cottage in which Peter the Great resided during the foundation of Petersburgh, stands on the left of the Emperor's bridge, in the road to the fortress. This little building so sacred to the Russians, was covered with a brick building of arcades by the empress, to protect and support it against the ravages of time. The rooms are three, all upon the ground floor, and very low. It was in this cottage that a whimsical scene occurred whilst the fortress was constructing. A Dutch skipper, learning that Petersburgh was building, and that the emperor had a passion for ships and commerce, resolved to try his good fortune there, and accordingly arrived with the first merchant-vessel that ever sailed upon the Neva, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the captain of the port, from a friend of his in Holland, requesting him to use his interest in procuring a freight for him. Peter was working like a common laborer in the Admiralty, when the galliot passed, and saluted with two or three small guns. The emperor was uncommonly delighted, and having been informed of the Dutchman's business, he resolved to have some frolic with him, and accordingly commanded the port-captain to see the skipper as soon as he landed, and direct him to the emperor, as a merchant just settled there, whom he intended to personate; and the better to carry on the joke, Peter repaired to the cottage with his empress, who to humor the plan, dressed herself in a plain *bourgeois* habit, such as suited the wife of a merchant.

The Dutchman was introduced to the emperor, who received him with great kindness, and they sat and eat bread and cheese, and smoked together for some time, during which the skipper's eyes examined the apartment, and he began to think that no one who lived in so mean a place could be of any service to him. When the empress entered, the skipper addressed her by observing that he had brought her a cheese, a much better one than she had ever tasted, for which she cordially thanked him. Being much pleased with her appearance, he took from his coat a piece of linen, of which he begged her acceptance. "Oh! Kate," exclaimed the monarch, "you will be as fine and as proud as an empress; you are a lucky woman, you never had such linen as you now have in your life before!" At this moment Prince Menzikoff, the favorite and minister of Peter, who represented him upon matters of State, entered with all his orders, and stood before the emperor uncovered. The skipper began to stare with amazement, whilst Peter by private signs induced the prince to retire. "Why, you appear to have great acquaintances here?" said the Dutchman. "Yes, replied Peter, and so may you, if you stay here but ten days; there are plenty of such needy noblemen as the one you saw; they are always in debt, and very glad to borrow money of any one, and they have even found out me; but, sir, beware of these fellows, resist their importunity however flattering, and do not be dazzled by their stars and such trumpery." This explanatory advice put the stranger a little more at ease, who drank and smoked on very cheerfully, and concluded a bargain with the imperial merchant for a cargo.

Just as he had settled this point to his satisfaction, the officer of the guard, which had been exchanged, entered with the report, and before the emperor could prevent him, addressed him by the title of "imperial majesty!" The Dutchman sprang from his chair, fell on his knees before the emperor, and implored forgiveness for the liberty he had taken. Peter enjoyed the scene, and laughing heartily, raised the terrified suppliant, and made him kiss the empress' hand; presented him with 1500 rubles, gave him a freight, and ordered that his vessel, as long as her timbers remained together, should be permitted to enter all the Russian ports free of duty. This privilege made the rapid fortune of the owner.—*Carr's 'Northern Summer.'*

GARRICK AND THE MACHINIST.—Hopkins, the prompter at Drury Lane Theatre under Garrick, having interested himself in favor of a machinist, he was desired by the manager to prepare the scenery for a new pantomime. His abilities were exhibited at rehearsal one morning, but falling far short of the manager's expectations, he returned home, and desired the prompter would discharge him. Hopkins wrote a long letter to Garrick in his favor, which occasioned the following answer:

"*Southampton-st. Thursday morning.*

"I tell you, Hopkins, the man will never answer the purpose of the theatre. In the first place, he cannot make a moon: I would not give him three pence a dozen for such moons as he shewed me this day. His suns are if possible worse. Besides, I gave him directions about the clouds; and such clouds were never seen since the flood. Desire the carpenter to knock the rainbow to pieces; it's execrable. His stars were the only things tolerable. I make no doubt of his honesty; but, till he can make a good sun, moon, and rainbow, I must dispense with his services. D. G."

THE WHISTLE.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with James VI., there came over a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, who after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table. Sir Walter, son of Sir Robert, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter.

On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friar's Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, a lineal descendant; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant of Walter Riddel, in whose family the whistle had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; —which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the field.—*Notes to the Whistle, in Burns' Poems.*

PASQUINADE. In the pontificate of Sextus V. the following satire was played off. Pasquin, on whom they had put a very dirty shirt, was asked by Marforio* why he was thus badly clad? He answered, that his laundress was just created a princess; thereby reflecting on Camilla the Pope's sister, who had been in that situation. This attack upon his family Sextus could not brook, and he offered a large reward for the detection of the author. Two thousand pistoles induced the writer to come forward, and the Pope, though astonished at his effrontery, paid him the money. "You see," said his holiness, "that I have not been less than my word, but you will also remember that I have reserved to myself the right of punishment; I shall therefore order your hands to be cut off and your tongue to be slit, that for the future you may be disabled from uttering or writing such things." The sentence was accordingly executed.—*Cheverau.*

* Pasquin and Marforio were two mutilated statues at Rome, on which anonymous satires and lampoons were fixed; and being opposite to each other, Marforio made answer to the libellous matter attached to his adversary.—*Tatler, No.* 130.

A Fight.—A crowd of British worthies having assembled at an alehouse to get rid of their Christmas boxes, a violent dispute arose between a hackney coachman and a lamp-lighter, about which of them *was dressed in the most genteelest manner*; words soon became so violent, that the quarrel could terminate only in a battle, and the whole party adjourned to Moorfields, where the crowd soon increased; the combatants stripp'd—

Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
Hurling defiance now they fiercely close,
Their cracking jaws re-echo to the blows.

Watchmaker. Go it, my boy; that's the motion—spring at him, seal up his eyes; finish him.

Sailor. Knock out his starboard eye; run in under the guns; get into his wake. Never mind lee-shores; douse his glims; shiver his mizen; give him a broadside.

Soldier. Keep to your post, Dick; fire away; work his buff; wheel about; rally again; give him no quarter; don't desert him.

Shoemaker. Now my lad of wax; peg away, tan the dog's hide; curry him well, that, my good *sole*; bristle up to him again, Jack; leather him soundly; now you have him fast in the stocks.

Fiddler. Lick him to some tune—now he *quavers.*

Bricklayer. Give it to him in his upper story; strike his scaffolding; trowel the dog.

Carpenter. Box him well, glue up his eyes

Tobacconist. Smoke him.

Book-seller. Tip him a second edition of Mendoza—let out his red ink.

Glazier. Darken his day lights—that's my diamond; batter his window frames; make the sun shine through him.

Baker. Peg his dough'; hit him in the bread basket; paste up his eyes; give it to him in the *crumb.*

Tailor. Stick to his skirts; trim his jacket, lace him; aim at his fifth button; have the other brush; let him see you are a *man.*

Apothecary. Pound the dog; bleed him; give him a dose; sicken him.

Barber. Lather away, Dick; shave him close, work him a good two penn'orth; dress him, dust him, pin him down to powder; that's the barber.

Blacksmith. Hammer away; ply briskly; make his anvil ring again; blow him up, Jack.

Undertaker. Send him to his long home, make the dog mute.

Auctioneer. He's going; knock him down.

Butcher. Have a good heart; come Ben Bozzle over his jaw bone; give him a cross buttock; flay the dog alive; knock out his liver; brine him; break every bone in his skin.

Waterman. Break his skull; bring him down upon his Bum-boat; ply your blows quick, very fair.—*London paper.*

Tell the Truth.—A few days since, a pane of glass at the Boylston School House was broken, and the instructor inquired to know, not what boy did the mischief, but requested that the boy who did it should rise in his place and state *how* he did it, (the master not knowing whether the window was broken by one of his scholars or not). Upon which a lad very honestly and promptly rose and said that he did it, and also the manner in which it was done. The father of the boy sent word to the teacher that he would send a glazier and repair the damage; but one of the sub-committee of the school returned for answer, that in such a case where a boy had so manfully, fairly and fully acknowledged that the city would most cheerfully make good the damage itself.—*Boston Centinel.*

Poor Michael Fuliam, about six years since, fell dead at the door of the Dublin green room, a moment after leaving the stage from having been encored in the song of "*Je ne scai quoi,*" in Dimond's operatic farce of *Brother and Sister.* At his funeral, an old Irishwoman, as she saw the body deposited in the grave, said "Ah! poor Mic, you've got your IVY *ticket* at last.

TOUR FROM BALTIMORE TO NORFOLK.

By a Correspondent of the Portland (Me.) Adv.

RICHMOND, (Va.) January 8, 1832.

The ride from Baltimore to Annapolis is like that from Dan to Beersheba—with which you are well acquainted. Surely never were such unsociable highways as you have here between city and city. The above mentioned road, for instance, is about as interesting, at this season, as that between Kennebunk and Saco: only the ruts are 50 per cent worse than the half-way house. I never saw such wretchedness in all my life, in the way of "entertainment" either for man or beast. Some of the best houses which we passed on the way, were, to speak geologically, of the log formation. Besides all this, you may travel all day, as we did then, and be in no place at all, during the whole time. They seem to live to where in particular. "What town is this?" cried one of our party as we drove up to a skeleton of a house, where the driver and his horses were accustomed to water.—"Why, it isn't any town at all—exactly," was the answer. "Well, what' the tavern called?"—"O—the tavern!—this the *Rising Sun*, sir"—All that might be, but the sign was *setting*, pretty materially—askew, by a single hinge. Indeed we found things in the most miscellaneous way imaginable, along the road, and felt no inclination to discharge ourselves from the coach till we arrived at Annapolis. Still, I may not say that the road is not delightful in the summer.

Annapolis—or Annapolis, as they call it—is the capital of Maryland, as you *know*—but not as you would *think*. I would fain proceed to pass upon however, as we made no stop, but rode directly to the steamboat landing. I can only say, then, what would see of the town as a very able enjoyment and produced the old sensation in us to the bone. It was something interesting to be sure, to look on the spot—and it is on any spot—make sacred by any movement connected with revolutionary events: and when we recollect that this was the city of assembly for some of the best *Worthies* men, the world ever looked upon—and that, too, at a time when our fortunes were verging towards their "glorious summer," the old and solemn town of Annapolis, even, had charms which otherwise it would have been difficult to swear to.

We could not drive to the steam boat, nor could the steam boat come to us. We were compelled to land from our coach, amid a congregation of blacks, vociferous for our baggage, and from the midst of this cloud to make our way for a quarter of a mile over the ice, on foot, to the side of the Columbus. There she lay—the frozen barrier preventing any nearer approach—and there we entered her, as from an excursion in the Polar seas. We found the boat one of the best of her class—indeed the best we had yet seen on our route. I never sailed in one whose accommodations were more extensive and I may—and for a summer vessel she must be capital. Her speed we had occasion to test very soon; and the sun went down upon us, on the broad Chesapeake and under the pleasant conviction that we were going to a warmer latitude, at the rate of 12 miles an hour. The night went well. It was perfectly still and beautiful, though cold—and we held our drawing room till 11. As to sleep, that, amiable goddess and myself were not on the best terms—and I dismissed her at early dawn on the 22d December. It was hardly light when we passed Old Point Comfort—and hardly nine when, ploughing through Hampton Roads, we drove into the smoky morning air of Norfolk, and made fast to the pier.

All the houses were full—and it was with difficulty that we obtained lodgings. This redundancy of him in material was owing in part, to the late arrival of the Constellation, Guerriere and Vandalia—which ships were all paid off at this port. The rooms we got however, though comfortless as most Virginia houses are, in cool weather, looked out upon the Broadway of the city—and that always has enough in it to amuse us. If you ask what I mean by comfortless rooms, I will tell you—for it embraces curious facts. You must know that in these warm climates, cold is an article they don't count upon; and so the inhabitants pass their lives without seeing the propriety or good sense of keeping the outer or front door shut, perhaps for the year round. Abominable as this is, in such weather as we had three weeks ago, it was vain to say a word about it. There stood the doors of almost every house we saw or entered, wide open, with a fine draught through the entry or hall, from morning till night.

We have called till we were hoarse—even while we had our cloaks on—"shut that door—shut that door!"—but it was of no avail; in five minutes more it was flung wide, and every servant seemed to wonder at your request to close it. The people say they want the air—and can't do without the circulation. Yet they will tell you they never knew such a winter—and declare that they can't keep their rooms warm, do what they may! But let it pass. It is only one form of Virginia hospitality—and that is proverbial.

I have said we were amused, from our look out. We were here first struck with the density of the black population:—and such curious combinations of colored and white—old slaves and young masters—lean horses and ragged Jehus—fashion and cold dirt I never witnessed. Here went whistling by a little African, balancing on his head a pitcher of water, or a tub as tall and heavy as himself—here a brace of Jackasses, undergoing the reasoning process that donkeys are subject to, from a hard fellow in a tora hat;—here a half score of jovial seamen, in their uniform shirts—fellows full of money—just from the frigate, and heaving along at free swing, with an oath or a catch, just as it happened; and there a knot of swart sinister looking Spaniards in high red caps, and the bearing of a parcel of brigands, fresh from a polacca that had just entered port;—all these we had in their continual variety, from our window—and they made up, in some part, for the absence of certain comforts that I could mention, but which, as our landlady was so desirous of pleasing, we will pass over.

Christmas eve and morning were a jubilee for the slaves. During the holiday week they are in no sense, free. It is all play and no work. They have parties and crack nuts as well as the grandest: and Miss Cassandra is be-beau'd from ball to ball to her heart's content. It was curious to see the fleet opposite us on said Saturday morning. It was a complete fair—and such black and white collision was never surpassed. Every negro was scrubbing with a turkey, and every mouth was full of chicken or ivory. What then can say you, are they so apparently happy, these poor fellows? I answer—yes. To all appearance they are as happy a set of beings as I ever fell in with,—and on what I have seen, I feel confident in saying that the individual condition of the slave is far preferable to that of the free black. He is better fed—generally better treated—and almost always better clothed. I met several on Sunday dressed really well—very well—but in handsome, second suits. On my saying to my companion, a gentleman of the city, that I presumed they were free, he told me they were not, but were the property of some one in the environs—and that new born blacks ever showed so well as they did.

From the Exeter News Letter.

THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

Among the most remarkable men of the present day, may be numbered the late sovereign of Algiers. When his capital was taken by the French after a series of desperate engagements; when he saw the flag of Christianity wave triumphantly over the city of Mahomet; his troops repulsed, and the Turkish mosques filled with pale faced Franks, he stipulated with his conquerors for life and liberty. Accompanied with his favourite wife and children, a brother, and a few faithful friends and servants, he departed from a city, where his will was undisputed, where his power was almost boundless, where his voice seemed to a crouching multitude, the fiat of Fate. He took with him treasure to a vast amount, and has since been travelling in Italy and France, and is now studying with great apparent interest in the midst of Paris, the manners and character of the nation, which has subjugated him. He seems quite reconciled to his change of fortune, is cheerful, affable, and probably, happy.

An interesting description of an interview with this extraordinary personage, during the last summer, has been published by a lady of Paris the following translation of which has been obligingly furnished by a fair correspondent.

"When I entered the apartment of the Dey, I found him reclining cross-legged upon a sofa; his brother was seated in a chair opposite, smoking a long Turkish pipe, and his court composed of ten or a dozen swarthy looking personages, were standing around with their hands crossed. As soon as the Dey observed me, he beckoned me to advance and seat myself beside him upon the sofa. His suite immediately retired to some distance. He then asked me if I spoke Arabic, and when the interpreter replied in the negative, he said, 'I am sorry, for I do not understand French.' He then addressed to me several questions on various subjects. The impress of sadness was on his brow, and he complained of a depression of spirits. It was the anniversary of the taking of Algiers!

He spoke of his voyage from Algiers to Naples and Florence, and made many observations on the customs of the Europeans. I casually remarked that it was my wish to visit Algiers. He strongly remonstrated against the undertaking. 'You will be as unhappy at Algiers,' said he, 'as I am in this country. Doubtless the language, the society, the manners of your countrymen the French, are as necessary to your happiness, as those of the Mussulmans are to mine.'

His observations in general bespoke a fine capacity, and well-regulated mind. I had reason to remark that he was a man who had reflected deeply. His physiognomy is hard and severe; his eyes bright and penetrating, overhung by thick and shaggy eye-brows; and his long, grisly and bushy beard gave him rather an unpleasant aspect. He smiled often when I spoke to him, and that smile, contrasted with the rough and uncouth expression of his countenance gave him the appearance of a wild and ferocious beast in a playful mood.

His costume was extremely simple; the only gems which ornamented his person was an enormous ruby on his little finger. He offered me snuff from a box of massive gold, richly garnished with precious stones; this snuff exhaled a delightful odour of jessamine. Coffee was afterwards handed round in golden cups, wrought with wonderful art. After I had sipped the contents of my cup, I requested permission to visit the ladies. He immediately sent a messenger to ascertain if his wife was ready to receive me—which seemed at first rather doubtful, as she was suffering from ill health, and had only that morning been bled. Notwithstanding which, the ladies replied, that they would see me with pleasure. They immediately prepared their toilette, and when I was admitted, the finery and jewels with which they were ornamented, were truly dazzling. The legitimate wife of the Dey was seated upon a cushion of brocade and gold; her eldest daughter sat beside her, holding in her arms a beautiful boy. One of her daughters, about ten years of age, who is betrothed to a Turkish Prince who accompanies the Dey, and will be married in a few months, was near her on the other side. Their court consisted of about a dozen persons, some of whom were *white*, and a black eunuch exceedingly ugly. The wife of the Dey was a charming looking woman, finely formed, social and polite, and possessing much native wit.

This *Princess* desired me to be seated on a cushion near her. She particularly examined my dress, which appeared to please her infinitely. She took off my hat and placed it on the head of her youngest daughter, who wore a bonnet of red velvet, embroidered with gold, and thickly studded with diamonds, pearls, emeralds and turquoises.

I was informed that the wife of the Dey is more than forty years of age—though she appears hardly thirty. She is as fresh as a rose; has lively and brilliant eyes, and beautiful teeth. She was a wife at ten years of age, and became a mother at twelve!

A DESPERATE KIDNAPPER.

In the spring of the — 1816, Mr. M'Millan had despatched ten Canadians in a canoe up the Flathead River, on a trading excursion. The third evening after quitting the fort, while they were quietly sitting round a blazing fire, eating a hearty dinner of deer, a large half-furnished bear cautiously approached the group from behind an adjacent tree; and before they were aware of his presence, he sprang across the fire, seized one of the men (who had a well-furnished bone in his hand) round his waist, with the two fore-paws, and ran about fifty yards with him on his hind-legs before he stopped. His comrades were so thunderstruck at the unexpected apparition of such a visitor, and his sudden retreat with poor Louisson, that they for some time lost all presence of mind; and, in a state of fear and confusion, were running to and fro, each expecting in his turn to be kidnapped in a similar manner; when, at length, Baptiste Le Blanc, a half-breed hunter, seized his gun, and was in the act of firing at the bear, but was stopped by some of the others, who told him he would inevitably kill their friend in the position in which he was then placed. During this parley, Brum relaxed his grasp of the captive, whom he kept securely under him, and very leisurely began picking the bone which the latter had dropped. Once or twice Louisson attempted to escape, which only caused the bear to watch him more closely; but, on his making another attempt, he again seized Louisson round the waist, and commenced giving him one of those infernal embraces which generally end in death. The poor fellow was now in great agony, and vented the most frightful screams; and, observing Baptiste with his gun ready, anxiously watching a safe opportunity to fire, he cried out, "Fire! fire! my dear brother, if thou wouldst save thy friend. Fire for the love of God! At his head—at his head." This was enough for Le Blanc, who instantly let fly, and hit the bear over the right temple. He fell, and at the same moment dropped Louisson; but he gave him an ugly scratch with his claws across the face, which for some time spoiled his beauty. After the slain, Le Blanc darted to his comrade's assistance, and with his hunger quickly finished the sufferings of the man-stealer, and rescued his friend from impending death; for, with the exception of the above mentioned scratch, he escaped uninjured. They commenced the work of dissection with right good will; but, on skinning the bear, they found scarcely any meat on his bones; in fact, the animal had been famishing, and, in a fit of hungry desperation, made one of the boldest and most successful attempts at kidnapping ever heard of in the legends of ursine courage.—*Cox's Adventures on Columbia River.*

Jew Outwitted.—A Jew had ordered a French merchant in Morocco to furnish him with considerable quantity of black hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings. When the articles were ready for delivery the Jew refused to receive them.—Being brought before the emperor, who administered justice himself, he denied having given him the order, and maintained that he did not even know the French merchant. "Have you any witnesses?" said the emperor to the French man. "No." "So much the worse for you; you should have had witnesses; you may retire." The poor merchant, completely ruined, returned home in despair. He was however soon alarmed by a noise in the street; he ran to see what it was. A numerous multitude were following one of the emperor's officers, who was making the following proclamation at the cross roads: "Every Jew, who within four and twenty hours after this proclamation, shall be found in the streets without a black beaver on his head, a green shawl round his neck, and red silk stockings on his legs, shall be immediately seized, and conveyed to the first court, our palace, to be there hogged to death." The children of Israel all thronged to the French merchant, and before evening the articles were purchased at any price he chose to demand for them.

Lawyers' Costume at Otaheite.—Captain Beechey describes a trial at Otaheite of a person accused of theft, and the costume of the lawyer who conducted the prosecution, which though intended as an imitation, may be considered a good burlesque of an English Barrister's costume. The Court was ranged upon benches placed in successive rows under the trees, with the prisoner in front. The Ava-tai, or Attorney General, took his place between the Court and the prisoner, dressed in a long straw mat, finely plaited and edged with fringe, with a slit cut in it for the head to pass through; a white calomo wig which, in imitation of the gentlemen of the English courts of law, flowed in long curls over his shoulders, and a tall cap surmounted it, curiously ornamented with red feathers, and with variously colored tresses of human hair. His appearance, says Capt. Beechey, without shoes, stockings, or trousers, the strange attire of the head, with the variegated tresses of hair, mingling with the sable curls upon his shoulders, produced a ludicrous effect. The prisoner being up Ava read certain passages of the penal code, and accused him of stealing a gown. He plead guilty, and was fined four hogs, two to the King and two to the owner of the gown. Three other persons were then put to the bar, and fined for a breach of our seventh commandment. A young lady, proved to have sinned with more than one person, was sentenced to make twenty yards of cloth; and the two men to furnish six posts each for a building about to be erected. Although there appears in all this rather a ludicrous aping of the forms of Judicial proceedings in England, it must be admitted to be a great improvement in the administration of justice by savages. —*Boston Galaxy.*

Spider among the Types.—We have often heard it said of writing, that it looked as though it had been written by a spider's hind leg: indeed we frequently have long manuscript communications sent in for us to decypher, which would do little credit to the limb of this unhappy victim of the broom. Our readers have now to learn its march of improvement in setting up types. Yesterday morning the boys in our office saw a large spider descend from the ceiling to a table, on which were some loose types. In another minute he had lashed a couple of them together, and having ascended to his *office*, began to raise them up. After elevating them more than a foot from the table, being alarmed by the approach of "all hands" to witness this new mode of setting up types "two at a time," and probably fearing that if his invention and work should be discovered, his "exclusive right" would be encroached upon, and he thereby lose the benefit of his work,—he left off suddenly and retired to a corner, where he remained all day long, leaving his composition, like the coffin of Mahomet, suspended between heaven and earth. Thus it still hangs at this hour, (8 P. M.) and has been witnessed by such as have happened in. If there be any secret web weaving in this vicinity, we have only to say that we know nothing of it, and should like to have the opinion of the curious on the subject.—As we are in favor of all kinds of domestic industry, we do not intend to disturb this operator.—*Boston Centinel.*

A good one. A person who lately died in this place, and was known to be worth 20 or 30,000 dollars, had some three years ago, deposited in the York Bank, a sheet iron box, which from its weight and size was supposed to contain gold. The friends of the deceased, upon looking for a will which it was supposed he had left, could find none at the house, and despatched a couple of gentlemen to the Bank, supposing it might be in the aforesaid box. The cashier produced the box with some ceremony, remarking that he was responsible for it, and would not give it up but to persons clothed with proper authority, but as those who came had the key he would suffer them to look for the will. It was opened, and first appeared some old Deeds on the top, afterwards a few newspapers, and finally sundry *brick bats*, nicely rolled in paper, occupied the remaining space. Not a copper was found. The cashier felt it to a *bore*, and the visiters were convulsed with laughter. "Well" said the former, "I have

been taking special care of this box for *three years* past, and now it's all *brick bats!*"

PUBLIC DINNER TO GEN. SANTANDER

Most of our readers are probably aware, through other channels of information, that this distinguished Colombian has been complimented this week by a public dinner at the City Hotel—given as a testimonial of respect and regard, and a recognition of the General's enlightened patriotism, and undeviating love of liberty.

General S. it will be remembered, was banished from his country previous to the death of Bolivar, on a charge of conspiracy against the existing Government. Since that event he has been re-called. Under all these circumstances, we have thought the reader would be pleased to be acquainted with his political sentiments, as publicly declared by himself. We therefore copy the following letter:—

FRANCISCO DE PAULA SANTANDER,

To his Fellow-Citizens of New Granada.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Permit me, from this classic land of liberty, to return you my warmest acknowledgments, as well for the noble efforts you have made in the re-establishment of the National Government, as for your good wishes in my favor. An envenomed persecution, which I shall always deem my highest honor, deprived me of my rights, and threw me from my country. Exiled to foreign lands, my only source of consolation was the testimony of a good conscience, the remembrance of my long services to my country, and my love for true liberty, of which the vengeance of my enemies could not deprive me. Confiding in these sentiments, and the testimonies of regard with which I have been constantly favored, I cared little for myself.—Our beloved country absorbed all my thoughts. To defend her honor most vilely assailed, to vindicate her from unjust accusations, and to secure her welfare, was to me a sacred duty, which I have fulfilled with zeal and loyalty. Happily, my respected fellow-citizens, those efforts have been seconded by an unanimous determination on your part to restore the laws and the government which you had established; demonstrating to the world, by such a laudable course, that you were capable of appreciating your rights, that you were the friends of liberty, and were anxious to live under a government of your own choice, which should keep in view the sacrifices you have made during the last twenty years, the progress of civilization, the necessities of the country and the spirit of the age. Honor to the people, who have so heroically secured their rights! Glory to the patriotic libertans, who have aided in effecting their consummation! Henceforth it shall no longer be said, that South Americans regard despotism with indifference, and that with equal pleasure they caress the hand that unchains, or that sets them at liberty. Venezuela, New Granada, and the Ecuador have begun to exalt Colombia from the state of degradation in which the most critical, eventful, and fatal circumstances had inspired to keep her; and, in conjunction with other new American States, have redeemed the honor of the world.

But you are well aware, that the triumph of social order is not alone sufficient to secure to you the benefits of your sacrifices. You will have done nothing for the welfare of the country, if you do not recognize the government, and provide against its future subversion.

The cause of the people having triumphed, they should be guaranteed in the possession of their rights, as well as against the machinations of their enemies, who in Europe endeavor to foment a hatred to our republican form of government; and also against those who in our own country are opposed to them, through ignorance, prejudice, party strife or ambition.—It was the people who overthrew tyranny from the seat that liberty alone should occupy; it is in like manner the duty of the people rigidly to uphold, and firmly to support it. The same union which achieved this first triumph, will enable you to bring this great work to its final consummation. Our true safety depends upon the union of our joint efforts and interests.

You will excuse me my respected countrymen, when in addressing you on the condition of our country, I take the liberty of repeating truths of which you cannot be ignorant. My long and faithful devotion to the cause of the people, the recent sacrifices which I have voluntarily made, and my peculiar political position, entitle me to the privilege of frankly communicating to you my views, opinions and wishes.

Having committed myself in your behalf, to many of the most distinguished individuals of society, I cannot omit any proper opportunity of communicating to you my thoughts, and the confidence with which your patriotism good sense and docile and peaceful character inspire me. I have encouraged the hopes of those, who wish that Colombia should again be restored to tranquility under liberal institutions; which, by modifying the former constitution, should enable each state to be governed by its own laws. I have given assurances, that the people of Colombia are friends to order and true liberty, and that they are capable of conforming to republican institutions. I have pleaded in your behalf; I have repeated, what you yourselves have promised, for your own honor and happiness. When I decided on relinquishing the tranquility, the enjoyments, the consideration which I enjoyed in Europe, with the view of returning to my country, I consulted only the dictates of my own conscience, and your wishes. Convinced that our country has a right to the services of her sons, I am ready to unite mine with those of my fellow-citizens. Happily and honorably for myself, I am not under the necessity of making a profession of my political faith. It is already well known to you, and recorded in the contemporary annals of Colombia. Liberty has always dictated my words, regulated my actions, and animated my heart. To her I have made great sacrifices; she has given me consolation in misfortune. My love for order has increased, since I have visited monarchies and courts, and approached sovereigns.

If others have been dazzled, and have changed their principles, mine have invariably remained unchanged; without, however, refusing the homage due to the Majesty of the throne, to constituted authorities or to eminent virtue. It would, therefore, be superfluous to declare, that I shall never espouse any cause but that of the nation.

I trust that the different parties, which, under the present circumstances divide Colombia, will be bound by a compact which, while it gives unity, dignity and energy to the body politic, shall leave each state at liberty to dispose of its internal concerns, both at present and for the future, as circumstances may require. I entertain the hope, that you will be enabled to frame a Constitution, which will at once establish liberty, equality and order; and that the execution of so important a work will be confided to persons, whose talents and probity may render them worthy of the trust. It is the opinion of enlightened men, that upon such bases our political edifice should be founded; so that the honor of the country may be completely vindicated, our internal tranquility permanently established, confidence inspired among t foreign nations, and that the European governments may favor the termination of the state of war, which still exists between us and Spain.

Based on such fundamental principles, it will readily be perceived, that the developement of the benefits resulting therefrom, will assure to us the liberty of the press, and the freedom of speech; a good system of primary instruction, and of public education; the encouragement and protection that our national wealth requires, a rigid economy of expenditures, and the religious fulfilment of our engagements with foreign nations. While the law prohibits an inquiry into the private conduct of our fellow citizens, and the directing against individuals of those attacks, which are to be made against acts and things; generosity and decency demand that a certain regard should be paid to the ashes of the dead, and a certain indulgence to past weaknesses and errors. If the law displeases us, because it does not meet our wishes, or because it does not afford sufficient protection to the majority, let us censure it, and demand its repeal; but let us never contravene it, and still less encourage disobedience thereto. Should the magistrate refuse to listen to our requests, let us complain of his official conduct without defaming him; giving an example of the respect due to lawful authority.

Let us enter on the career of Liberty, with a determination to submit only to the law; but let us make use of our own reason, and of our rights, without undermining the social compact, or destroying our own work. Let us walk in the Constitutional path, which has been opened for us by other nations.

Under the peculiar circumstances of the country at the present time, it is absolutely necessary, that the law should extend its protection to every citizen, whatever his former political opinions may have been. Toleration of all opinions should be the motto of the magistrates and the people so long as they do not aim at the subversion of the established government, by the infringement of the existing laws. Talents and capacity are alone entitled to public office, yet ever with a due, prudent distrust, which warns us never again to trust those who have once proved unfaithful.

A systematical persecution will ever be the cause of our ruin and discredit; on the contrary, a system of moderation and firmness in the government will disarm our enemies, and preserve intact our liberties. The union of the citizens who have opposed arbitrary power, and preserved the sacred love of liberty, is the only means of our welfare and future prosperity.

Such, fellow-citizens, are my views. Although they offer nothing new to you, yet they contain nothing that is contrary to the salutary principles of social order.

Let us never enter into a compact with either anarchy or despotism; but let us show indulgence to the errors of others, not forgetting, that although we may have differed in opinion, and that timid or wicked men may have failed in their duty, we are all citizens of the same country, whose weal or woe is in our hands. Our union and submission to the laws, will give it happiness and perpetuity; our disunion and disobedience, will involve it irretrievably in ruin.

New-York, November 25th, 1831. *

F. P. SANTANDER.

Singular method of taking a Bear.—An officer of our army, on duty in the interior of Louisiana, observed at a house where he had put up for the night, several bear skins, one of them particularly large. He entered into conversation about them, and received the following account of the manner in which one of the bears had been taken.

A man had gone out to drive his cattle, a few days before, mounted, but with no other weapon than a cow whip. A cow whip consists of a stiff round whip stock, about three feet long, supplied with a lash of twisted raw hide, nearly thirty feet long. The lash is coiled up to be used on the arm, and is thrown out with great violence by those who are expert with it.

While armed with the whip and hunting up his cattle, he came suddenly upon a large bear. Thinking to have a bit of fun in the lone woods, he gave the bear a whack with his whip. Bruin growled and made battle, the horse sprang out of his reach with the rider, who gathered up his lash, closed again and gave another whack, and continued the contest in this way about an hour, the bear sorely annoyed and enraged, but unable to cope with the activity of the horse, who always sprang off after a throw of the whip. The bear attempted several times to climb a tree, but was as frequently brought down by a severe stroke from the formidable whip. At last, he seemed to be bothered and disposed to beg off; and now, for the first time, it entered into the head of the man to drive him to the house, which was about six miles from the scene of action. He commenced by heading him and whacking him with the whip when pursuing any direction but the one he wished him to follow, which poor Bruin, after some efforts to avoid it, quietly took, finding no peace in any other way. Getting him at last into a cow path leading to the house, and flogging him severely whenever he left it; he got the bear to move moderately in the path, making but few efforts to leave it, and sure of a heavy whack whenever he did. In this way he drove him until within hail of the house, when calling to another man who was there, he came out with his rifle and shot him.

The officer thinking it an extraordinary adventure, took great pains to ascertain its correctness from several individuals who were at the house, two of whom were "in at the death." He saw, also, the man who performed the feat, and who corroborated all that he had previously heard from his host. They spoke of it as no great affair, and assured him that with a good horse and one of those whips, they would undertake to drive a bear in any direction and any distance. They were of the first class of frontier settlers, brave and enterprising, and without affectation or disposition to deceive.

The editor of the Boston Centinel, a bachelor of taste, censureth with becoming gravity certain portions of the outward adornings of the ladies, wherewithal they bedeck themselves in a manner unseemly in the eyes of men. The editor is deeply indoctrinated in that ancient lore which concerneth the gracious and comely arraying of the person; and he lecture th with fructifying felicity upon the consortments of forms and complexions with the shape of garments and the application of ornaments; and especially doth he enlarge upon a heresy of the present day, which goeth to the marrying of beauty.—*U. S. Gaz.*

"We allude to the practice of wearing a jewel suspended by a gold chain across the forehead. To see a classical forehead, as white as alabaster, and as perfect as the model from which the *Venus de Medici* was copied, beset by a gewgaw of this kind, appears to be as *mal a propos* to the subject, as it would be to see that matchless statue, the wonder of ancient and modern times, bedecked with ribbons by a French milliner: to see the warm symetry of beautiful arched brows marred by a chain of cold ore, and a pair of eyes that rival the beams of the noon-day sun, interspersed with such trinkets, is comparable only to the spots that are sometimes visible on that luminary. But we are preeluded saying more on this subject by the arrival of the mail with foreign news."

Instinct in Sheep.—About the middle of April last I observed a young lamb entangled amongst briars. It had, seemingly, struggled for liberty until it was quite exhausted. Its mother was present, endeavouring with her head and feet to disentangle it. After having attempted in vain for a long time to effect this purpose, she left it, and ran away *baaing* with all her might. We fancied there was something doleful in her voice. Thus she proceeded across three large fields, and through four strong hedges, until she came to a flock of sheep. From not having been able to follow her, I could watch her motions when with them. However, she left them in about five minutes, accompanied by a large ram that had two powerful horns. They returned speedily towards the poor lamb; and as soon as they reached it the ram immediately set about liberating it; which he did in a few minutes, by dragging away the briars with his horns.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

A Cure for Gallantry.—A young officer of the National Guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time, with letters and compliments, followed her about like a shadow, and, at last, became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference began, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover, gave him a good sousing in a tub of indigo. Then, in order that the dye might be solid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and *Eau-de-Cologne* that the tint of indigo disappeared, but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue!—*Court Jour.*

Changing Titles.—A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, to alter the sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve in Genesis, iii, 16. She took out the two first letters of the word Herr, and substituted Na in their place, thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy lord (*Herr,*) to "and he shall be thy fool" (*Narr.*) It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

Anecdote.—The minister of the town of A., by some strange concatenation of events, became unpopular among his people; and they, to shew their *spunk*, on a certain March meeting, elected him *hog-reeve*. The gentleman elect happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus: Sir, I was chosen some years ago, as *Pastor* of this flock, but as my flock have turned into swine, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR A BRACE OF WOODCOCKS.

My thanks I'll no longer delay,
For birds you have shot with such skill,
But though there was nothing to pay,
Yet each of them brought in *a bill*.

I mean not, my friend, to complain,
The matter was perfectly right;
And when such bills as these come again,
I'll always *accept them at sight*. *Unit. Kings.*

When Addison became secretary of state, his old school mistress, being far advanced in years, grew very deaf. A friend who one day called upon her, told her that her little favorite was now a great man and a great writer. "Aye," said she, "I always knew that Joey was born to be a great man; he was a mighty clever boy, and a deal of pains I took with him: do you know that before he left me he read very near as well as I did, but pray what has he written?" "Why, The Spectators—The Spectators." "Speak a little louder, pray." "The eight volumes of the Spectators." "Dear me! dear me! eight volumes about potatoes! what could he find to say! But I always said Joey was a clever boy."

A lady having presented each of her four little sons with four puppies, descendants of a race that were too great favorites to be drowned—the lads immediately began to calculate on the excellent qualities these doglings would have when they came to dog's estate, and one of them said mine shall be called Captain—another, no, mine shall be called Captain—and so said the other two, till words grew very high, and the mother came among them, and being appealed to as an arbitrator to end the broil, told them, all the puppies should be Captains.

A gentleman passing the evening among some friends in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favor the company with a song; he politely declined it, alleging that he was so indifferent a performer, that any attempt of his would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, asserted that he had a very good voice, and said he had frequently the pleasure of hearing him sing. "That may be," resumed the other, "but as I am not a freeman, I have no voice in the city of London."

A bon vivant of fashion, brought to his death bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, who ingenuously told that he could not in all probability survive twelve hours, and would die by eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished, with difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle I live till nine."

Frederick of Prussia one evening surveying some of the advanced posts of his camp, discovered a soldier endeavoring to pass the sentinel. The king stopped him, and insisted on knowing where he was going. "Truly, (answered the fellow) your majesty has been so worsted in all your attempts, that I was going to desert."—"Were you? (replied the monarch) remain here but one week longer, and if fortune does not mend with me, I will desert with you."

Doct. Bushby, whose figure is beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee room, by an Irish Baronet of colossal stature, with "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" When the Doctor politely made way, and replied, "Pass, O pigmy." "Oh, *sir*," said the Baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect." "And my expression," replied the Doctor, "to the size of yours."

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 30th ult. Wm. H. Dodge, to Miss Mary Ann Bissell.

On the 29th, Luther B. Evans, to Miss Mary, daughter of Nathan Dunn.

On the 1st, Philip B. Randle, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of David Fowler.

At Bushwick, L. I. William Wallace, to Miss Rebecca Williams.

At Yonkers, Sydney Smith Blackwell, to Miss Eliza Agnes Mary Shonnard.

At Newburgh, Benjamin H. Mace, Esq. to Miss Mary Ann Thorne.

At Florida, N.Y. Wm. A. Wood, to Miss Susan S. Pitney of Sparta, N.J.

At Andover, N. J. John C. Henderson, merchant, of the house of R. L. Smith & Co. of this city, to Miss Charlotte Northrup.

At New Brunswick, N. J. Wm. Dunham, of the firm of Daycknick & Dunham, to Miss Sarah Knight, daughter of John Dunham.

At Philadelphia, Alfred Langdon Elwyn, M.D. to Miss Mary Middleton, daughter of Dr. Masse.

At Cincinnati, James F. Conover, esq. attorney at law, to Miss Julia A. E. Sedam.

At Leeds, Eng. John Latson, of this city, to Miss Eliza, eldest daughter of James Hargreaves, woollen manufacturer of Kirkstall.

DIED,

In this city, on the 30th ult., John Bird, branch pilot, aged 55 years.

On the 31, Mrs. Mehetible Turnbull, 50.

On the 31, Peter Sconen, 56.

On the 24, John Laidlaw, a native of Scotland, 51.

On the 31, William Moore, aged 53, formerly of Rochester, Mass.

On the 1st, Abraham Brouwer, 56.

On the 29th, Mrs. Mary Lawes, 73.

On the 4th, Robert Macomb, Esq. 44

On the 31, Ezra Hymen Ehmendorf, 37.

On the 5th, Wm. Welch, 59.

On the 6th, Mrs. Zewiah Underhill, widow of Isreal Underhill, aged 59.

On the 5th, Robert Stout, 55.

On his passage to Liverpool, in the ship Carroll of Carrollton, Rev. James Smith, many years the senior pastor of St Peter's Church in this city.

At Albany, Allan Morvill, aged 43, formerly a merchant of this city.

At Troy, N.Y. Enos Hoyt, aged 36, formerly of this city.

At Paris, Charles, Captain Chas. Smith, aged 93, a soldier of the revolution.

At Leigh, Gen. Thomas Craig, aged 76, a revolutionary officer.

At Western, Josiah Cleaveland, 73.

At New Haven, Dr. Obadiah Hotchkiss, 69.

At Thompson, Conn. John Burrell, aged 71. He was a soldier in the old French war, and one of the regiment of 1,000 men, sent from New England, under the then Col. Israel Putnam, to join the expedition from England, under Admiral Pococke, and the Earl of Albemarle as commander of the land forces, to the West Indies in 1762, was at the taking of Havana and Moro Castle in that year, and probably the last survivor of that army.

At Stow, Mass. Capt. Judah Wetherbee, a revolutionary patriot, aged 77.

At Calais, Me. John B. Topliff, aged 24, son of Samuel Topliff, Esq.

At Paterson, N.J. Mrs. Rachel, wife of James Moore, merchant of that place.

At New Brunswick, N.J. Mrs. Euphemia Paterson, widow of the late Hon. Wm. Paterson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the U.S. aged 85.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Ann Mary Cope, relict of the late Geoffrey G. Cope, aged 69; Wm. L. Lees, Esq. of St. Thomas, aged 46.

At Bloomsbury, N.J. Katy Wallis, a native of Africa, aged 112 years.

At Laurel, Del. Mrs. Hannah Bull, widow of Manaen Bull, and daughter of the late Anthony C. Morris.

At Richmond, Va. Wm. Rowlison, comedian, aged 42, formerly of this city.

At Franklin, Tenn. Miss Caroline E. Dudley, daughter of Col. Guilford Dudley, aged 20.

At Londonderry, Ireland, Mrs. Margaret Edmonds, wife of Henry F. Edmonds, of this city.

NOTICE.—*To Connoisseurs in Minerals, and the public in general.*—The subscriber, owing to the rapid increase of his business as a druggist and chemist, feels himself obliged to dispose of his large and valuable collection of minerals and natural curiosities, which cost him years of labour and a small fortune to collect. Many of his specimens, both rare and beautiful, have been for some time exhibiting in the New York Lyceum of Natural History and Peale's Museum, in this city, where they have attracted the attention of men of taste and science. The subscriber flatters himself that there has been seldom offered here a collection so worthy of the public attention—brought together from every quarter of the world, selected and improved. It is impossible to enumerate them in the short compass of an advertisement, but among the most precious will be found—

A large wax yellow Amber, of nearly 2 lbs. weight, and 60 cubic inches magnitude, from the Baltic.

An American Beryl, of 70 lbs. weight, and 620 cubic inches.

A full six sided Prism, of 27 circumference.

Three collections of precious stones, containing all possible varieties, from the diamond to the flint.

Three small private collections of 160, 350, and 940 specimens, besides several other natural curiosities, such as the teeth of the mammoth, preserved reptiles, and fish impressions, &c.

The whole or any part of the above is offered on moderate terms, at the drug and chemical store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway, one door below White-street.

N.B. Any orders received from persons residing at a distance will be promptly and faithfully executed feb.11.

COLOURING PRINTS.

THREE or four girls who understand well the above business, may find employment by applying at the Lithographic Office at 144 Nassau street.

Also wanted, a smart active lad, as a pupil, to whom will be taught the arts of painting, printing, drawing, colouring, &c. &c. together with every thing that belongs to Lithography. jan.28.

R. GRESSWELL'S

PECTORAL ELIXIR.

AN infallible cure for coughs and colds, prepared and sold only by R. Gresswell, 91½ Bowery, near Hester street N. York. Price only two shillings per bottle. jan.28.

DR. HEWES' LINIMENT.

JUST received, at No. 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division street, a genuine supply of a certain cure for the inflammatory, sciatic, and chronic Rheumatism.—Dr. Shubael Hewes' celebrated rheumatic, nerve, and bone *Liniment* applied morning and night, has cured hundreds. It gives relief in the swelling of the glands of the throat, and relieves the numbness and contractions of the limbs, and will take swellings down, and inflammations out of the flesh, rheumatism, bruises, and sprains. It gives immediate relief; it strengthens weak limbs, and extends the cords when contracted. A few drops on sheep's wool applied to the ear of deaf persons, will, by constant application, cause them to hear in two months' time.

Dr. Lucius S. Comstock, 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division street, New York, is the general agent, and offers this remedy, wholesale and retail at the lowest prices. jan.28.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawana Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm-streets.

sep.28. S. B. REEVE & Co.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1 5th ton); Pictou Coals, $7 per chaldron. From the yard—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Lang & Randolph, cor of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catharine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broad-st.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 1 for 1832, drawn February 8, 1832.—7 22 40 52 37 10 21 6.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Feb.15—Reg. 2, $12,000, 5,000.....$1
Feb.22—Reg. 3, $20 000, 10,000.....$2
Feb.29—Reg. 4, $20,000, 10,000.....$2

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current," (published every Wednesday,) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N.York.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. *Feb.11*

COMFORTABLES, CLOAKS, &c.—*Establishment, No. 56 Maiden Lane.*—The subscriber, having extended his manufacture of Cloaks, now offers an assortment much superior to that of the last season, and, it is presumed, equal at least in style, quality, and cheapness, to that of any other establishment. The stock comprises Cloths; French, German, and English Merinos figured and plain Silks and Satins; Circassians, Plaids, &c.—Ladies and Misses' sizes. They are made by persons of experience and taste, and after the most approved French patterns.

Comfortables.—The excellence as well as economy of this article is well attested by those who have made use of it for a number of years. It possesses decided advantages over other kinds of covering, being of the same nature as down, combining lightness with extreme warmth. Great pains have been taken to obtain suitable materials, at the lowest market prices. On account of peculiar advantages in manufacturing they will be sold at such prices as will offer an inducement to the most economical. Families, Public Schools, Hotels, Shipping &c. furnished with any quantity and size, at less than the ordinary cost of the materials. Merchants will be supplied at the lowest rates.

New York, Nov. 1, 1831. DANIEL O. CAULKINS.

NEW YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS, established in 1828, for the publication and sale of Religious Books, Tracts, &c. for the use of Protestant Episcopalians.

Stock Publications.—Bibles, of all sizes; Testaments, Prayer Books, of all sizes and bindings; Episcopal Tracts, and Sunday School Books, (of instruction and for libraries;) and a variety of Episcopal Devotional Books; The Churchman's Almanac for 1832, just published, adorned with a cut of the Gen. Theological Seminary, at New York—$4 per 100.

Miscellaneous Publications.—Life of Bishop Heber, in 2v. 8vo. with a portrait; Works of Bishop Ravenscroft, late Diocesan of N. Carolina, 2 vols. 8vo., with a portrait and memoir; Works on Episcopacy, (Bowden, Cooke, &c.) 2 vols. 12mo. A Practical Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in the form of brief Lectures, by Bishop J. B. Sumner, of Chester, Eng.—408 pages 12mo. price 88 cents. In press, Bishop Jebb's Protestant Kempis; and The Communicant's Companion.

Periodical Publications.—A series of standard English and American Works in Divinity 12mo. 4 vols. annually, at $3 per ann. in advance; The Churchman, (religious newspaper) folio, weekly, $1 per annum in advance—Rev. W. R. Whittingham and Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Editors; The Family Visiter & Sunday School Magazine, (religious newspaper) enp. 4to weekly, $1 per ann. —edited by the same; The Children's Magazine, (religious) with cuts and cover, 24 pages 18mo. monthly, at 25 cents per annum—edited by the same.

The Bishop of New York, ex-off. President of the Board of Trustees; Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Agent.—Depository, No. 64 Lumber street. *June* 1.

P. BYRNE, Importer in the raw state, Wholesale Dealer and Manufacturer of real Holland *Quills* and *Pens*, No. 60 William-street—trade prices, $30, 25, 20, 15, 10, 7, 5, and $1 per M.—Office and Portable Pens; Crow and Swan Quills; Letter, Note, and Notarial *Wafers*, of all colours and sizes.

Terms—four months' credit, or 5 per cent. discount for cash.

UNION HOUSE.—*Dresden, Ohio.*—The subscriber has opened a house of entertainment in a large and very elegant brick building, just completed, and situated on the corner of Main and Mount streets, immediately opposite the Canal Basin in this village. LABAN LUMERY.

Dresden, Nov. 29, 1831.

SUPERIOR NEW MUSIC.

"Dost thou love me, sister Ruth? say, say, say!"
"As I fain would speak the truth, yes, yes, yes!"

FIRTH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin square, have just published a new Quaker comic duett, entitled "Dost thou love me, sister Ruth?" as sung by Madame Vestris and Mr. Harley, embellished with a vignette, showing the positions, attitudes, &c. of the performers. Also, the New Year's Gift, a new Annual, or Musical Souvenir.

Just received from Baltimore, the "Musical Bijou," for 1832. 106 pages, with the following exquisite embellishments: Beauty of Barcelona, The Minstrel, and The Parting.

From London, "Bayley's Songs of Almacks," 64 folio pages, with the following embellishments, elegantly executed: Queen Adelaide, Countess G., Lady D., Lady L., and the "Debutante," all highly finished portraits. Likewise, "La Variete," or "Petits Morceaux," for the voice and piano forte, 66 quarto pages; and the Musical Gem for 1832, quarto, London. jan.14.

FINE

POCKET-BOOKS.

GREAT ASSORTMENT—110 KINDS—

(Principally for Booksellers,)

Wholesale and Retail,

By T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

INGERSOLL'S, Kirkham's, Murray's, Green's, Smith's, and Greenleaf's Grammars; Webster's, Comly's, Bentley's, and Sears' Spelling Books; School Testaments; English Readers; Daboll's, Pike's, Willett's, and Colburn's Arithmetics; Olney's, Woodbridge's, Willett's, and Parley's Geographies; Symbolical and Elementary Primers; Hazen's Speller and Definer; Latin and Greek Grammars and Lexicons of various kinds; Webster's Dictionary; Blake's Philosophy; Comstock's Chemistry; Tytler's History; Greek and Latin Readers, &c. &c. with a general assortment of the most approved school and classical books. Sold at the lowest prices by

McELRATH & BANGS,

jan.28. 85 Chatham street.

EXPECTORANT SYRUP.

JUST RECEIVED, by Dr. L. S. Comstock, Druggist, 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division st. a genuine supply of Rev. T. Bartholomew, M.D.'s *Expectorant Syrup*, a pleasant cordial for influenza, asthma, coughs, colds, pains and soreness in the breast, difficult expectoration and respiration, &c. &c. This syrup is superior to any invention ever before offered to the public. It never fails, when used according to directions, to cure the above complaints, enabling the patient to raise freely without pain. Many certificates are on hand of the wonderful happy effects of this syrup, but the following only is inserted, as one trial will convince the most incredulous:

"*London, Sept.* 20, 1830.

"To Rev. Dr. Bartholomew: Rev. and Dear Sir—In my practice I never used medicines of which I did not know the component *parts*, until I tried your syrup; in an obstinate cough, when no other medicine did any good. The wonderful success in that case caused me to use it for a great number of my patients, and it has never failed to cure perfectly. I am yours, &c.

ALLEN PARMETELE, M.D."

*** Dealers supplied by Dr. L. S. COMSTOCK, General Agent for America, 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division st. New York. jan.28.

MARBLE WORKS.

J. FRAZEE gives notice to his friends and the public generally that he has recently taken into copartnership with him Mr. Robert Launitz, of Rome Sculptor, and late pupil of Thorwaldsen, and that the establishment of sculpture, and monumental art in Broadway will in future be conducted under the name of *Frazee & Launitz*.

It is confidently hoped that so important an acquisition of talent to this establishment will not only prove highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the artists thus mutually united, but that a discerning public will also duly appreciate its certain and anticipated benefits, it being the ostensible object of the partnership to enlarge and improve the department of monumental sculpture and statuary, and, by the union of genius and talent, render their works in every respect worthy the highest patronage of the country. Oct 22

IPECAC. & SQUILLS LOZENGES.

THE most convenient, pleasant, and effectual cough medicines are offered for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

jan.7. 377 Broadway.

FUMIGATING PASTILES.—Wax and Incense Powders are prepared and offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

jan.7. 377 Broadway.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES,

OF a superior quality and size, for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices, by

N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.

jan.7. 23 Cedar, c. William st.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

GENTLEMEN'S India Rubber Shoes and Over Shoes, of superior quality, for sale by

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,

jan.28. 20 Fulton Slip, and 56 Division st.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THE celebrity of the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" is so universal, and the peculiar advantages which they possess, together with their decidedly eminent superiority over all other kinds of artificial teeth, is so generally known and acknowledged that a minute description of their merits and excellencies, by way of advertisement, would be deemed altogether superfluous. To those, however, who are not perfectly familiar with the various kinds and qualities of the materials used as substitutes for the original teeth it may be well to observe, that the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," unlike teeth formed of animal substances, never change in any length of time their colour; neither will they in the smallest degree decay or decompose by the combined action of the atmosphere and saliva or juices of the mouth; consequently they are worn with ease and pleasure by those who use them—preserving the natural form of the mouth; restoring the articulation, and renewing the pleasures of mastication; never producing a disagreeable or disgusting taste, and preserving the breath always and at all times sweet and uncontaminated. The subscriber has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of these beautiful teeth, which he will be happy to insert for those who need them, either singly or more, to a full and entire set, if wanting; and in the subscriber's manner of setting them, they are adapted with ease to *all cases*, how difficult soever they may have been deemed.

All operations on the mouth and teeth, such as separating, evening, regulating, cleaning, plugging, or stopping, extracting, &c. &c. appertaining to the profession of Surgeon Dentist, performed with ease and scientific practice. JOHN BURDELL, Surgeon Dentist,

jan.28. 299½ Broadway, near Duane st. N.Y.

COMB FACTORY.

B. FRASER respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he keeps an elegant assortment of Tortoise shell combs, at the old established comb store, No. 25½ Maiden lane. His assortment at present consists of large and small American carved combs, of the newest patterns. Extra large pb in shell combs, likewise middling and small sizes, Tortoise shelling combs of a superior quality, with a beautiful assortment of neck and side combs. B. F. intends devoting his attention particularly to the manufacture of Tortoise shell combs, which he is in hopes he shall be able to sell at very moderate prices. Orders for any size comb, or any fancy pattern, will be attended to at a few days notice. A small assortment of fancy Brazil combs, likewise ivory, dressing and crescent, manufactured of the very best materials and sold at moderate prices.

N.B. Combs neatly repaired. dec.21.

FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED INDIAN SPECIFIC,

FOR Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, &c. For sale by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,

dec.3. Druggist, corner Pearl and Rose-sts.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, these teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty* to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only*.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentleman with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting *fetor* of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost ease and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumboils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No. 5 Chamberss treet.

MEDICINE SPOONS, for administering food medicine to children and invalids, to be had at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug & Chemical store, 303 Broadway, corner of Duane st. where Druggists may also obtain a supply, an invoice of which, having just been received,